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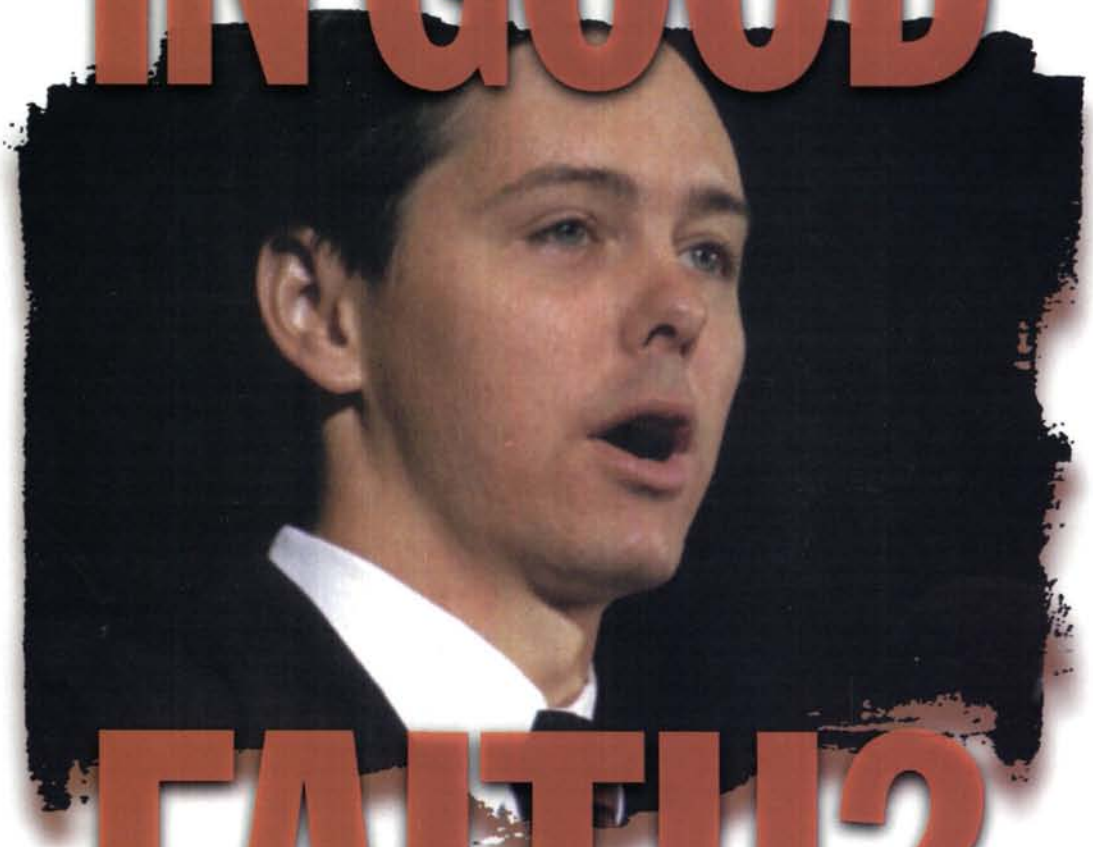

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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JULY 8, 1996

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CORRESPONDENCE

Raging on

To the editors:

Steven Marcus ("Rage Against the Machine," June 10) convincingly details Kirkpatrick Sale's inadequacies as an historian of the Luddites, and of Western sociocultural history. But I became disturbed when Marcus went beyond Sale's work to make the gratuitous, ad hominem statement that Sale is really opposed to "... the entire development and history of Western civilization...." And Professor Marcus doesn't like Sale's sweeping statements?

Marcus accepts that Carlyle and Dickens were alienated and ambivalent about industrial society and its effects in their day. Marcus even states "... when you come to think of it, how could one easily be anything else?" Further on, Marcus points out that the remaining theories of modern society (after communism and socialism exited) "... have to do with the market, with profit, with motives of rational acquisitiveness ..." and that these "... theories are not new, ... but their staying power is not to be denied." But historically they haven't been around that long, and their staying power in their present environmentally rapacious form is exactly what is being denied by Sale and others. Sale and many people are alienated by and ambivalent about the deleterious effects of our increasingly powerful technology.

RICHARD SESSIONS
Durham, Oregon

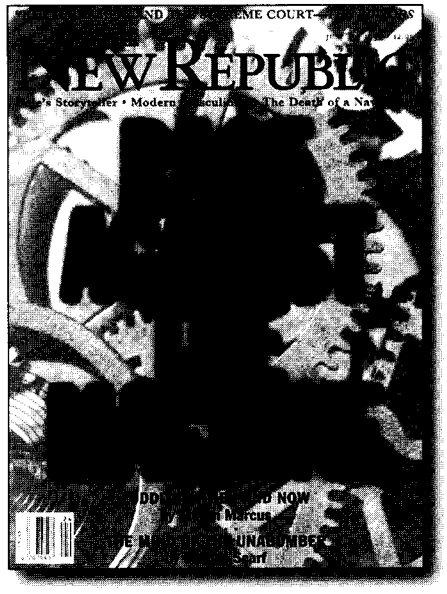
Big tent

To the editors:

The editors' "Taking the Initiative" (June 10) criticizes Justice Anthony Kennedy's Supreme Court opinion striking down Colorado's anti-gay initiative on the basis that, supposedly "borrowing" from a friend of the Court brief I filed, the Kennedy opinion adopted the "radical" theory, which you attribute to me, that "in a post-New Deal world, all citizens have the right to be free from 'discrimination,' defined as abstractly as possible." What? I neither proposed nor implied any such thing. Nor did the Supreme Court. On the contrary, my brief argued that "states have no affirmative duty to enact or retain special laws for each group that might be victimized by discrimination." And the Court agreed. But, I argued, "It is quite another matter for a state absolutely to preclude, for a selected and specified set of persons, even the possibility of protection under any state or local law from an entire category of injurious conduct at least some of which is concededly wrongful," whether that conduct takes the form of discrimination or of some other wrong.

It is *this* view that the Court accepted, concluding that a "law declaring that in general it shall be more difficult for one group of citizens than for all others to seek aid from the government"—here, aid in the form of protection against invidious discrimination—"is itself a denial of equal protection of the laws in the most literal sense." The Court's analysis, which is anything but radical, requires little beyond reading the plain words of the equal protection clause.

LAURENCE H. TRIBE
Cambridge, Massachusetts



The editors reply:

Professor Tribe argues, in his brief, that states have no *obligation* to enact anti-discrimination laws; but he goes on to argue, as we suggested, that once a state *chooses* to enact an anti-discrimination law for one group it can't preclude any other group from being included on the list of protected classes. In other words, once a state decides to protect African Americans from housing discrimination, it can't refuse to protect short people or left-handed people from housing discrimination as well. By suggesting that short people, left-handed people and gays and lesbians have the same right to be free from the wrong of "discrimination," abstractly defined, as African Americans and other currently protected groups, Professor Tribe has indeed proposed a radical reconceptualization of the scope of anti-discrimination law, in which states have traditionally been free to protect or exclude whatever groups they please.

Sneak attack

To the editors:

It's amazing how many of those who support development of antimissile defenses, including Frank J. Gaffney Jr. ("Go Ballistic," June 10), neglect to discuss the futility of such defenses against other, simpler delivery systems. While proponents harp on our susceptibility to "nuclear blackmail" via incoming ICBMs, an antimissile system scarcely increases our security against the simple evasive maneuver of smuggling a nuclear device across our highly permeable shorelines and hiding it in a major U.S. city. Consequently, those who advocate an antimissile defense to protect us against nuclear blackmail would have us spend at least billions of dollars, possibly tens of billions, for a system that can be avoided entirely for a mere pittance. Where's the traditional conservative insistence on cost-benefit analysis when you need it?

DANIEL A. SIMON
Washington, D.C.

Spun

To the editors:

Hanna Rosin's "Tale Spin" (June 10) portrays me as a liar, as did Paul Alexander's 1991 profile, for political reasons, in this case to further her view of Bob Dole's resignation as a fraudulent gambit. In the process, the truth has been violated, and not by me.

When I told Paul Alexander that my mother was sold into slavery, I was speaking figuratively, and I immediately qualified what I had said by saying "not really, she ..." As a child in the Depression she was given over to a children's acting company in return for a payment to her family. She never returned home again, she was not paid, and as a minor, she was not free to leave her station.

At 13, I was, indeed, almost killed by a Pakistani immigrant to Jamaica. The affidavit of the doctor who treated me was published in *The Paris Review.*

I didn't tell Alexander that I was joking or that I was merely touching up the truth, because I wasn't. The "fellow novelist" who in your article accuses me of being a liar is, in fact, incorrect.

You ask the reader to consider the many stories about my bravado, the first one of which is about "the Swiss ambassador whipping out a pistol during dinner." I have never told such a story, not even about a Swiss ambassador, nor even a story about someone whipping out a pistol during dinner. You report this as if

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it happened, and it didn't.

The second story, about my "short speech" at West Point (ten single-spaced pages, 6,395 words), states that "In this series of haunting images the drenched man is the same as the dying man." The author implies that I misled the cadets into thinking that I had died. Clearly the "or you may find yourself, more likely, as I did," [in my speech] separates how I found myself and the way I suggested to the cadets they might someday find themselves. Your author then goes on, based on this dull misreading, to state that this blots out my Vietnam "confession" and by it I am "transformed into a purple heart hero," even though I was a "rear-guard infantryman who served one year of non-combat duty." I received combat pay, I crossed the border into Lebanon, and I made at least several dozen patrols (although I did not count them), mostly at night, with the object of catching infiltrators, although I was spared the inconvenience of ever running into them.

One thing about Hanna Rosin, Paul Alexander and all the people like them is that they seem never to check. Rosin never asked me about the points above. Had she done so she would have had to abandon her thesis or print it with the knowledge that her supporting evidence was a lie, and how inconvenient that would have been for her.

MARK HELPRIN
Hudson Valley, New York

Hanna Rosin replies:

The very first question I asked Mark Helprin was about Paul Alexander's claims. Helprin referred me to *The Paris Review* article for his response; I read it, and quoted sections of it, including the doctor's note. I never said Helprin lies, only that he obscures the truth under layers of ornate tales, which is different. (Obviously I don't think he told the cadets he had died!) Just read the rest of *The Paris Review* article to know what I mean. The frustrated interviewer has to ask Helprin the same question three times, because, instead of answering, Helprin launches into what must be a half-hour string of stories about his childhood, his malformed spine, his godfather Robert Capa, the virtues of his Montblanc fountain pen ...

Empty

To the editors:

If a politician has "bottomless pockets" ("Bad Contribution," June 10), wouldn't he be broke, since all his money would fall through them?

JAMES D. CAIN
Andover, Connecticut

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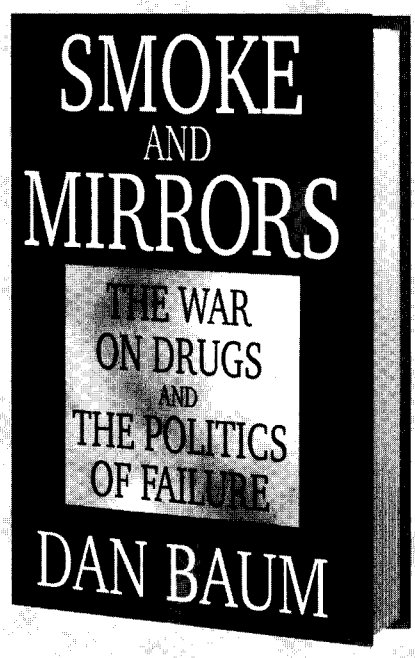

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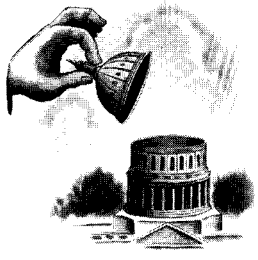
FROM WASHINGTON

Sandramandered

Poor Justice O'Connor! For the past three years, she's struggled ineffectually to split the difference between four liberal Justices, who think that the Constitution doesn't prevent the states from drawing voting districts on the basis of race, and four conservative Justices, who think it does. But last week, in striking down majority black congressional districts in Texas and North Carolina, she found an ingenious solution to her dilemma. She wrote an opinion for the Court suggesting that the Voting Rights Act might be unconstitutional, and then filed a separate concurrence *to her own opinion* reassuring everyone that she thinks the Act actually *isn't* unconstitutional. At last, O'Connor has found a Justice she can agree with.



But it's hard to be very amused by Justice O'Connor's contortions, which have created a voting rights jurisprudence that's both analytically unintelligible and politically indefensible. Three years ago, in *Shaw* v. *Reno*, O'Connor declared for the first time that minority districts with "bizarre" shapes might violate the Constitution because they "segregate" voters on the basis of race. She was widely derided for failing to identify a clear constitutional injury to the individual white voters placed in majority black districts.

As Pam Karlan of the University of Virginia argued, the white "filler people" chosen to integrate black districts are the group *least likely* to have been segregated, or even personally classified, on the basis of race: in North Carolina, the state didn't care whether the non-black voters were Caucasian, Hispanic, Asian or purple-polka-dotted. Moreover, O'Connor's conclusion, that a white voter can't be adequately represented in a black majority district, seemed impossible to reconcile with O'Connor's premise, that white voters don't think and vote alike.

Shaw v. *Reno* was a theoretical mess, but O'Connor could have made it easier to administer in practice. As Richard Pildes of the University of Michigan argued, O'Connor might have helped the states avoid the "expressive harms" of weirdly shaped districts by requiring them to draw compact districts, mathematically quantified and objectively defined. But O'Connor refused to take this logical step. Last June, in *Miller* v. *Johnson*, she joined the four conservative Justices who held that majority black districts were presumptively unconstitutional, *whether or not* they looked "bizarre," as long as race was the "predominant factor" motivating the legislature that drew them.

Taken literally, this new test threatened to invalidate the Voting Rights Act. Intended as a remedy for racially polarized black voting, the act, as amended in 1982, has been construed to require states to draw districts where blacks constitute a majority. But O'Connor declared last week that she doesn't want to invalidate the Act after all.

How, then, did she plan to reconcile her conflicting impulses? In the recent Texas case, the state argued matter-of-factly that race *wasn't* the "predominant factor" influencing the shape of the three black districts in Texas: if it had been, the districts could have been as compact and elliptical as a ten-gallon hat. Instead, the shape of the districts was distorted by political, not racial considerations—namely, the desire of white Democratic incumbents in the surrounding districts to keep enough black voters to protect their seats.

Once again, however, O'Connor abruptly shifted gears: in her opinions last week, she resurrected her original focus on appearances rather than racial motives. A bizarrely shaped district, she announced in an almost indecipherable sentence, "is part of the constitutional problem insofar as it disrupts nonracial bases of political identity and thus intensifies the emphasis on race." But in fact, as Justices Stevens and Souter emphasized in their powerful (and unanswered) dissents, it's O'Connor herself who has "intensified the emphasis on race" in the districting process. In the wake of her latest opinions, black districts have to be elegantly compact, while white districts can be as bizarrely shaped as Jim Carrey.

Is there any way to put Justice O'Connor's contortions in a more charitable light? The truth is that her concern about the aesthetics of districting isn't entirely misguided. But in her overheated rhetoric about "segregation" and "apartheid," O'Connor has missed the real scandal of

continued on page 41

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

JULY 8, 1996

MORE OF THE SAME

Boris Yeltsin's 35 percent first-place total in Russia's first-round election means that, when presented with a full menu of political choices—including the reactionary communism of Gennadi Zyuganov, the clownish fascism of Vladimir Zhirinovsky and the liberal reformism of Grigory Yavlinsky—two-thirds of Russian voters said no to the incumbent president favored by the Clinton administration. Can you blame them? At best, Yeltsin represented the least scary in a scary field (see "Devil You Know," by Masha Gessen, page 10). For all his financial and political support from the West, Yeltsin has compiled a pockmarked record as a reformer and modernizer. And he's gotten worse over the last eighteen months, reacting to resurgent nationalist and communist strength with a clumsy brand of "me-tooism"—most disastrously by prosecuting a brutal war in Chechnya.

But let us focus—for a moment—on the upside. It is also true that over two-thirds of the electorate rejected Zyuganov's Communist Party and its warmed-over Stalinism. Alarmists in Russia who feared a Communist victory—and hence counseled scrapping the vote—underestimated their own people. A plurality of Russians chose the representatives of a painful, uncertain present over those peddling nostalgia. In this regard, at least, the political development of Russia may not lag so far behind the former Soviet satellites of Eastern Europe which have elected their own (more fully reconstructed) Communists.

Perhaps the results are best interpreted as a snapshot of Russia's deep political muddle. This is a country whose people, reeling from half a decade of revolutionary change, don't quite know where they want to go. They remain torn by an age-old contest between Westernizers and Slavophiles. There is no consensus as to whether capitalism's bracing but risky climate is better than the suffocating but secure one of state socialism. And there is not really even a consensus as to whether democracy is a binding condition governing political life or simply a rhetoric meant to appease the outside world—especially since the man in charge often acts as if he isn't sure himself.

Nevertheless, in the inevitable ebb and flow of revolution, reform and reaction, the tendency toward reaction seems to have crested, well short of triumph. The nightmare scenario—a resurgent Communist Russia that attempts, somehow, to restore the Soviet Union—has, in all likelihood, been avoided. This fragmented election's most likely outcome is a tactical reshuffling in which Yeltsin buys a second-round victory over Zyuganov by sharing power with the most popular of his non-Communist rivals: Yavlinsky, and former general Alexander Lebed, who polled 15 percent of the vote with subterranean help from the Yeltsin campaign, and whom Yeltsin has now placed in charge of the powerful national security council.

Yavlinsky is a grotesquely ambitious but intellectually committed liberal, while Lebed seems to favor a Pinochetian blend of free-market economics and, well, Pinochetian politics. Governed by such men, post-election Russia is likely to maintain its general, halting, move toward economic liberalization while persisting in blockheaded attempts to control the internal demons of ethnic strife and crime. It will also likely express its pretensions to great power status through anti-Western dalliances with the likes of Iran and China.

In short, despite prophecies that Russia would spin off in a radically new, potentially disastrous, direction, the Russia of the next few years appears likely to resemble the Russia of the past few. The United States, and its allies, can live with it. Clintonites seemed barely able to contain their glee at Yeltsin's probable political survival, which is so closely linked to their own. And perhaps they do have a right to breathe easier. But if Yeltsin's victory, and his budding alliance with General Lebed, represents a Clinton foreign policy success, it also marks a final defeat for the exuberant, hopeful view of Russia still current when Bill Clinton, Warren Christopher and Strobe Talbott came to power.

For many Russian liberals, that defeat occurred more than a year ago, with Yeltsin's mindless, savage expedition into Chechnya. But now it has been ratified. Russian politics seems to be finding its equilibrium somewhere in the neighborhood of plebiscitarian Czarism. This weakened state has neither the intention nor the capability to seriously damage the West. But it also lacks the intention or the capability to emulate the West, or even to act in concert with it, very much. Rather, Russia's leaders can be expected to pursue an agenda based upon a traditional, unapologetic understanding of national interest. With that in mind, the Clinton administration should prepare to do the same. •

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NOTEBOOK

FILING ERROR: The publication of the Senate Whitewater Committee's final report does not alter our basic view of this scandal's never-ending aftermath. Was there hypocrisy in the Clintons' attempts to make a buck in partnership with the crooked operator of a crooked savings and loan while simultaneously denouncing Reagan-era "greed"? Of course. But as a legal matter, Al D'Amato hasn't produced much. With one notable exception: the discovery of Rose Law Firm billing records in the White House private residence in August 1995. These records shed light on Mrs. Clinton's legal work for Madison Guaranty Savings & Loan, which is why they were subpoenaed by federal authorities in 1994. To hide them deliberately might constitute obstruction of justice. While committee Democrats splutter about construction workers moving the papers around, the Republican report lays out a strong circumstantial case that only Mrs. Clinton would have had both the motive and the opportunity to spirit these records (which bear her fingerprints) from Vincent Foster's office to the Clintons' private residence. Buoyed by polls showing Americans unmoved by Whitewater, Mrs. Clinton waxes indignant at the suggestion she might have something to hide from Al D'Amato and his ilk. But her answers have been evasive. Unless the first lady comes clean about this soon, the unbored portion of the public will conclude that she can't.

THEY WANTED POSITIONS IN HEAVEN THAT SHOULD GO TO MORE-QUALIFIED WHITE APPLICANTS.
Black Southern Churches
TOLES
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I'M NOT JUST THINKING OF MYSELF
I HOPE NOT

GOING TOO FAR: We don't mean to be soft on the Third Reich, but the consequences of Marge Schott's repulsive remarks about Hitler (he was "good in the beginning" but "went too far") strike us as themselves a little repulsive. "We just cannot condone any type of ethnic insensitivity," said the president of the National League—and then, in a spirit of intolerance, he promptly relieved Schott of control of her baseball team for more than two years. "We've got to have tolerance," he explained, "not intolerance." Well, yes; but tolerance, if it means anything at all, means tolerance of the politically incorrect, the Semitically incorrect, the historically incorrect. But now our inquisitorial society proposes to punish a person for an unpopular exercise of her free speech by interfering with her relationship to her property. It used to be that infamy was its own punishment, that the odium of one's fellow citizens was a fate to be feared. In present-day America, however, infamy is only a form of fame, and sensitivity is another name for silencing. So we are offended by Schott's statements, and we are offended by baseball's response to her statements, and we are delighted to live in a polity in which we may so often take, and give, offense.

WE LIKE IKE: In recent months this magazine has been coming to terms with all sorts of intellectual and political and professional matters, but we are proud to announce that the greatest comer-to-term on our staff is Margaret Talbot, who last week gave birth to Isaac Talbot Allen. Arthur Allen, who also contributes to these pages, is the happy father. This week Margaret begins a maternity leave, so that she and her husband can work more intensely on their newest collaboration.

COMING HOME: "After a search that had media circles talking for months," wrote *The New York Times*, THE NEW REPUBLIC has found its helmsman for the future. Michael Kelly, who covered the Gulf war for TNR and won the National Magazine Award and the Overseas Press Club Award for his coverage, will soon return to these pages as editor of the magazine. Now Washington editor of *The New Yorker* (to which he is committed for reportage on the presidential campaign), Kelly is a former Washington correspondent for *The New York Times*. His book, *Martyr's Day*, an expansion of his writings from Iraq and Kuwait, was awarded the PEN/ Martha Albrand Award for Nonfiction. In addition to his editorial duties, Kelly will write TNR's weekly TRB column, much as Michael Kinsley did when he was editor. •

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The PLO Charter scam.

ANTISOCIAL TEXT

By Yehoshua Porath

In the wake of Benjamin Netanyahu's election, Middle East watchers have commented at length about Israeli ambivalence toward the peace process. It is the PLO that is now frequently depicted, in the Western and the liberal Israeli press, as the willing partner, jilted at the altar after abandoning its long-held rejectionist dogmas.

But the story is more complicated than that. Take the most celebrated example of PLO transformation: its deletion several weeks ago of all articles from the Palestinian National Charter calling for the destruction of Israel, a move that, according to Shimon Peres, constituted the "greatest revolution that the Middle East had known in the last hundred years."

The day after the move, I began to look for the declaration's Arabic text. There were, it turned out, three different versions. But the one the Palestinian Authority deemed legitimate was being circulated by WAFA, the Palestinian news agency. It read: "The PNC decides: (A) to amend the National Charter by the cancellation of those articles that contradict the letters exchanged between the PLO and the Israeli Government on the 9th and 10th of September 1993; and (B) to authorize the legal committee to reformulate the National Charter and to submit the new draft before the Central Council in its first session."

I read in disbelief. First, which charter articles contradict the 1993 letters has long been a matter of dispute, so how could anyone know which had been deleted? According to my understanding of the charter, it contained seventeen articles that contradicted the Oslo letters, among them one stating that the Jews, not constituting a people, have no right to statehood. The Palestinian Authority left the matter unclear. Some of its officials said that only one article (No. 19, declaring the establishment of Israel null and void) was canceled, and others mentioned six. Nabil Sha'ath, one of the most important Palestinian leaders, said his "feeling" was that seven articles were abolished.

Second, the resolution didn't actually change the charter; it only began the long process of writing a new version—the outcome of which remains unclear. When the PNC ended its session, its concluding communiqué did not mention the rescission at all. Several days later, Salim Zaanoun, the PNC chairman, admitted that no specific articles had been deleted. Marwan Kanafani, one of the council's leading members and its former spokesman, told journalists that the session had simply granted "a license to amend the Charter."

What the PNC did, it seems, was adopt a clever procedure to quietly keep the charter issue open while bargaining with Israel. Zaanoun himself told the PNC members that the legal committee would need half a year to prepare a new version of the charter. The draft would then have to be discussed by the Central Council, which is subordinate to the National Council. Only if the Central Council approved would it go before the entire PNC for final adoption. "By taking that course," declared Zaanoun, "we gain time, half a year at least and possibly more."

Why is it so important for the PLO to preserve its charter? The Palestinians claim they recognized Israel's existence when the PNC issued its Proclamation of Independence in November 1988, which accepted the November 29, 1947, U.N. Resolution partitioning Palestine. Less well-known is that, simultaneous with that Proclamation, the PNC issued a political statement in which it called Israel "a Fascist, racialist, and colonialist state which is founded on the usurpation of the Palestinian land and on the extermination of the Palestinian people."

The Oslo process was meant to foster moderation on both sides as the parties tackled increasingly contentious issues. But, as Likud's victory shows, Israelis have not necessarily responded according to plan. And, on the Palestinian side as well, the spirit of that second November 1988 resolution has grown rather than subsided. I am not talking about Hamas, but about Yasir Arafat, who, while signing further agreements, has continued to tell his own people that they do not bind them to live in peace with Israel. First of all, he claimed in a speech four months ago in Gaza that in signing the Oslo accords he had simply carried out a July 1974 Resolution that called upon the PLO "to establish a National Authority on whatever part of Palestine that might be liberated from Israel as a basis for the continuation of the armed struggle against her." Second, Arafat repeatedly equated the Oslo agreement with the Khudaybiya agreement, which the prophet Muhammad concluded during his wars with the Quraysh tribe. Muhammad broke the agreement eighteen months after its conclusion, when the balance of power changed in his favor, and it has become a guiding precedent in Islamic law for how to deal with non-Muslim powers. And, in April of this year, *In Our View*, a publication of Arafat's Fatah, declared:

> The Rulers of Israel demanded that the summons of the National Council would be specifically made for amending the Charter and for the cancellation of those articles which deny Israel's right to exist. However, these are the same articles that proclaim the goal of liberating Palestine. Consequently, the cancellation thereof means the cancellation of the goal for which the PLO had been established. The Israeli and the Zionist demand from the National Council was a self-issued death certificate amounting to a suicidal act by the PLO.

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The PLO does not want to commit suicide, and this, it seems, is still how it views deleting articles from its charter that call for Israel's destruction. As awareness dawns that the PLO has not changed this essential tenet of its founding document, it can only strengthen those in Israel's new government who also hope to return to a state of war.

YEHOSHUA PORATH is Professor of Middle Eastern History at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem.

MOSCOW POSTCARD

DEVIL YOU KNOW

By Masha Gessen

For the last few months Russia has resembled a frightened animal, cowering in a corner and paralyzed by anticipation. Life has been all but immobilized by the tortured wait for the election results. Friends told each other they would delay important decisions until after the fateful day. Banks and private companies postponed financial transactions until after June 16. A desperate radio commercial pleaded with parents to purchase school supplies "because September 1 will come no matter what happens." A mechanic who changed my tires admonished me to keep the old ones, warning, "Sure they sell tires now—but you never know what might happen after June 16."

As the stack of bald rubber on my balcony testifies, fear is a potent motivator. In fact, it is probably the only political motivator Russia has ever known. At the very start of the election campaign, half a year ago, those who felt they had the most to lose started to act out of fear. The more-or-less-liberal journalists, frightened of losing the freedom to speak or the funds to print, held their noses and went to work helping Boris Yeltsin stay in power. A group of writers, poets and artists, terrified of a return to the repressive past, launched a movement called The Russian Intelligentsia for Yeltsin. Then a group of thirteen powerful bankers, scared of seeing their fortunes nationalized by either a communist government or a crazed mob, suggested scrapping the whole inflammatory election idea.

In the weeks immediately before the election, all of Russia seemed caught up in a vicious chain of fear. News of contract killings came daily; one of the victims was a deputy minister of justice. Two bombs exploded in Moscow within days of each other, the first injuring a vice-mayoral candidate, the second, far scarier, killing four random commuters on the Moscow Metro. The news from Chechnya grew more and more frightening every day, as each breakthrough in the peace negotiations was punctured by resumed fighting, proving that the region has spiraled out of anyone's control.

Against this anxious background, the presidential hopefuls moved in for the kill, attempting in their final campaign advertising to capitalize on the desperation. The street ads for Vladimir Zhirinovsky featured the flamboyant nationalist comforting a pathetic-looking old lady under the tagline, "YOU ARE OUR LAST HOPE AND SOURCE OF SUPPORT." Yeltsin's billboards showed the president leaning against a tree in comforting repose: "CHOOSE WITH YOUR HEART"—your frightened heart, that is, rather than your conscience or your mind.

That is precisely what a certain group of voters—those who identify themselves as liberals or democrats—appear to have done. The economist and former Yeltsin ally Grigory Yavlinsky, the only candidate running on a strictly liberal platform, fell below expectations with just over 7 percent of the vote. It appears his potential constituency heeded the call of another liberal democrat, Yegor Gaidar, and voted for Yeltsin to save itself from communism.

In the painfully bright light of fear, the only surprise of the election—the almost 15 percent awarded to retired General Alexander Lebed—seems like no surprise at all. The general is famous for his skill at turning huge forces against tiny insurgencies to produce instant-gratification victories. During a press conference following the vote, Communist leader Gennadi Zyuganov summed up Lebed's appeal this way: "He is good at making order quickly."

This compliment represented the opening valentine in a frantic courtship of Lebed, begun the minute the polls closed, by the two runoff candidates, Yeltsin and Zyuganov. Both campaigns will continue to play on fear with growing intensity as the election approaches. State television, under the apparent tutelage of the Yeltsin campaign, is running a documentary miniseries titled "The Time of Great Lies" on the history of communist rule in Russia. Zyuganov, for his part, will attempt to scare voters with the specter of another Yeltsin term: four more years of growing economic polarization, of unpaid salaries and pensions—in short, of grave social insecurity.

But the population is clearly divided on what they fear most. For both candidates, it is the support of the popular kingmaker Lebed that represents the best chance to expand beyond their base and win the second-round votes of Russia's insecure, radical middle. Zyuganov tried to build the alliance on flattery, but it is Yeltsin who seems to have carried the day. Two days after the vote, Yeltsin named Lebed his security chief and fired Pavel Grachev, the defense minister whose war in Chechnya Lebed had repeatedly denounced. He also hinted that he wouldn't mind if

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Lebed became his successor.

It's not surprising that Yeltsin beat out Zyuganov for the general's endorsement. In the five years of his presidency Yeltsin has demonstrated a unique ability to recycle human resources. An aide or a minister who falls out of favor will almost always cycle back into the ranks of the president's close allies in a different capacity. So it seems with Lebed, forced to retire less than two years ago for what amounted to insubordination: Lebed took an active part in the politics of Moldova, the sovereign country where he was stationed; he criticized the president's decisions, refused to obey some of them, and even declared he would someday run for president. Now President Yeltsin seems willing to forgive and forget, and so does the general. More likely than not, Russia will witness a Yeltsin second term, and it is likely to include a powerful role for a very ambitious, thoroughly politicized general who is immensely popular with the armed forces. And that, too, is frightening.

MASHA GESSEN is a staff writer at *Itogi*, a weekly newspaper in Moscow.

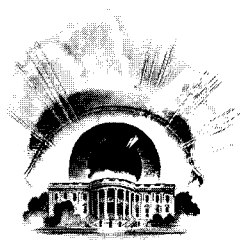
WHITE HOUSE WATCH

PAIR OF PARIAHS

By Matthew Cooper

There aren't too many people who pack up the kid in July, leave town and head for ... Poland. As tourist destinations go, Warsaw doesn't rank up there with, say, Wellfleet. But Hillary Rodham Clinton is on her way to Eastern Europe for a Tour de Democracies. You have to wonder: What will she teach these fledgling free nations? The American tradition of depositions? The Western way of dismissing career employees?

This isn't really a vacation for Hillary. It's an escape from the Whitewater piranhas. Bob Dole has had the discretion not to mention her much by name. His surrogates do it for him. The Senate Whitewater report, courtesy of Al D'Amato, with its charge that the first lady hid her billing records and presided over the mishandling of papers in the wake of Vincent Foster's death, guarantees that she'll remain a target. On the House side, William Clinger, the head of the House Government Reform Committee looking into Travelgate, says he suspects Hillary had a role in the 400-plus FBI files that wound up at the White House. These days, all roads lead not to the president, but to Hillary. Suddenly, the White House's strategy of putting out an apple-pie issue a week is useless. Who cares about curfews and school uniforms when there's an FBI scandal?



Will Hillary bring down Bill? That it's even a possibility spoken aloud is extraordinary. What must it feel like for her? She's wanted a public platform her whole life. Now, she finds friendly faces only at college commencements, Democratic conclaves and Polish auditoriums. With a Methodist missionary's zeal, she tried to remake the country's health care. The heathen wouldn't listen. Her spectacular failure gave birth to Speaker Newt and his chorus of House freshmen and made *her* the issue. Hillary's breathtakingly awful political sense in 1994 meant that she would have been an issue in 1996 even if she'd kept out of trouble. But she hasn't. No wonder she's leaving town. Abroad, a first lady is treated like a lady.

There's only one person who understands Hillary Hell, what it's like to have once led a crusade and now find yourself with a sock stuck in your mouth. No, not Bill "I feel your pain" Clinton. It's Newt Gingrich. As different as they may seem, Newt and Hillary are soulmates, bound by an eerily similar rise and fall. They are the Pariahs of the Year. Each thought he or she was on a moral crusade to change Washington. Their orbits were replete with spiritual gurus: Ira Magaziner, the Tofflers. Each was, at first, lionized. Remember the fawning way Hillary was treated when she first testified about health care before Congress in 1993? Even GOP congressmen seemed charmed. Gingrich, too, once appeared invincible. The first "Saturday Night Live" parodies of Newt were more compliments than lampoons. Chris Farley, the beefy comedian, would don a Newt-style wig and pound the gavel passing bills maniacally. Little did anyone foresee that *Time*'s Man of the Year would see his revolution crash and burn. Today, many GOP frosh don't want Newt anywhere near their districts. He, too, has hit the road, speaking at quiet fund-raisers with fat cats who fawn over anyone in high office. His hell is watching his minions abandon him just when the great battle is beginning.

Victims of their own hubris, neither the First Lady nor the Speaker understood bipartisanship. Yes, Hillary reached out to moderate Republicans hoping to woo them to her plan. But the plan itself had been drawn up without major GOP input. Likewise, Newt refused to sign on to more moderate Medicare curbs proposed by centrists of both parties. The result was that health care died, and the Gingrich agenda stalled. "These people don't understand," a Democratic senator told me. "You either pass bills with eighty votes or they die with forty. Rarely can you pull it off with fifty-one." One commands the center or fails utterly.

The collapse of Hillary and Newt leaves Clinton and Dole in a strange place. Clinton is the victim of his first two years—tax hikes and gays in the military, yes, but mostly of the legacy of RodhamCare. Hillary was once Clinton's political muse, his lodestar. It was her idea in 1992 to form the famed "War Room" and to put James

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Carville in charge of the campaign when it was rudderless. In 1994, she urged him to bring on Dick Morris. Now, Morris is Clinton's lodestar, the man who has come up with a series of small, popular issues that allow Clinton to look tough, thoughtful. You don't hear much about Hillary's power anymore because it's diminished, inside the White House as well as out. Clintonism is now about executive orders, "leveraging" the private sector to come up with the V-chip. Hillary was about the Hail Mary pass. Morris is about three yards and a cloud of dust.

For the rest of the campaign, Dole and Clinton will try to escape their burdens. Dole is trying to put some daylight between himself and the radioactive Newt. That's what resigning from the Senate was all about. But, like Zelig, Newt managed to get in the picture—literally. Dole can't bring himself to edge away from Newt's policies even while he puts physical distance between himself and the Georgian. His challenge now is to show more of his bighearted side, gently elbowing Newt away.

For its part, Team Dole will remind folks of Clinton's spouse. (Candidates' wives used to be off limits. No more.) The president will have no choice but to defend her. How difficult that becomes will depend on Whitewater. Anyone who says they know where the scandal will go next is kidding. But there are a few guidelines worth thinking about. The Arkansas land deal itself no longer seems so important. The Senate committee didn't get any real traction when it came to events in Arkansas. And its charge that Mrs. Clinton moved her billing records around the White House remains unsubstantiated, as committee Democrats—solidly united—have duly noted. Besides, the records buttress more than they refute what the first lady has been saying.

No, the real trouble is Travelgate. What did Mrs. Clinton have to do with the dismissal of career employees? She's admitted only to a general statement of concern over reports that the travel office folks were on the take—reports later dismissed by a jury. The White House strategy remains simple. Keep accusing critics of partisanship and hope Americans grow bored. Internal White House polls show little slippage since this latest surge of Whitewater, even though public polls show otherwise. Friends of the first lady predict the issue will fade away. Still, questions linger. One that's worth noting is the relationship of Harry Thomason to Craig Livingstone. Thomason, you'll recall, is the Hollywood producer pal of the Clintons who wanted a piece of the presidential charter business. Livingstone is the mid-level operative who collected the FBI files and who once worked with ... Thomason. Livingstone, for his part, has denied sharing FBI information with anyone.

Washington is a tough city for visionaries like Newt or Hillary. Their messianic talk of transformation doesn't wear well in a city where the most successful sorts are content with the prose of governing rather than the poetry of deliverance. In the coming months, there will be much moaning about a "boring" Dole-Clinton race. But the idea of having two centrist dealmakers duke it out is not without its appeal. Hillary and Newt are proof of just how unappetizing the alternative can be. •

Good affirmative action and bad.

SINS OF ADMISSION

By James Q. Wilson

Affirmative action—by which I mean selecting persons based on their group membership—is not one program but many and has consequences that range from acceptable to intolerable. We understand these distinctions intuitively. When a television commercial displays white and black actors or when a political party endorses candidates from a variety of ethnic backgrounds, no one complains—even though this is, literally, affirmative action. But should someone suggest that the musicians in a major symphony orchestra or the players in the National Basketball Association be chosen to create a specific racial balance, most people would be outraged.

The difference, of course, has to do with the purposes of the organizations. Television commercials and party candidates are chosen chiefly to attract support from customers and voters. Everyone expects organizations trying to sell something to cater to the preferences of those who might buy. But top-ranked musicians and athletes are selected exclusively on the basis of merit.

The debate over affirmative action in contracts, university admissions and public employment is in large measure a debate over what set of standards ought to govern achievement in these enterprises. The strongest defenders of affirmative action argue that these organizations have a representative as well as a technical function, while the toughest critics claim that the latter greatly outweighs the former.

Consider undergraduate admissions. A plausible proposal might run as follows: given the growing importance of college education in the life of the nation and the uncertainty attached to conventional measures of merit, one might defend the modest use of racial preferences as a way of increasing participation of underrepresented groups in educated society without doing serious harm to the quality of the university. One might, by the same token, take into account other nonintellectual attributes like athletic or musical ability.

But as one moves up through the university experience—to medical and law schools and onto a faculty—academic ability becomes the dominant criterion. Excellence at teaching and research are overwhelmingly important tests for faculty recruitment; no one proposes that law or medical schools admit athletes or musicians. Furthermore, three or four years of college training ought to have given students with natural abilities but subpar elementary and secondary educations

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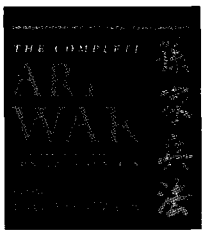

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The wisdom of two ancient Chinese sages comes together in a single volume presenting classic essays on strategy, organization and leadership, translated by Ralph D. Sawyer. *(Westview Press)*
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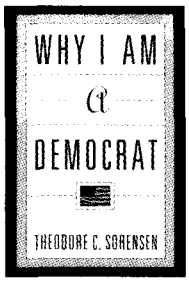

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A well-known Kennedy-era Democrat offers his thoughtful explanation of the fundamental, long-term Democratic vision in an age dominated by Republicans. *(Henry Holt)*
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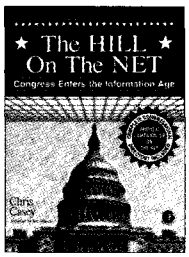

The Hill On The Net
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Learn how Congress found its way to the Internet, how our elected representatives are using the Net—and how you can get connected and be heard. *(AP Professional)*
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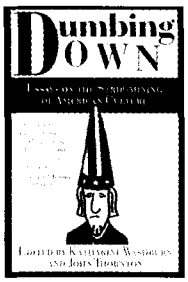

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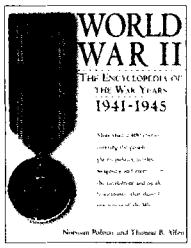

World War II
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More than 2,400 encyclopedic entries, a day-by-day chronology of events and archival photos bring the American war experience to life in this authoritative WWII reference. *(Random House)*
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a chance to catch up.

This guideline—race and ethnicity as a factor for 18 year olds but not after—might provide a reasonable basis on which to "mend, not end" affirmative action. Unfortunately, preference programs, as administered today, make no such distinctions—affirmative action is at least as pervasive in admissions to law and medical schools as in college, if not more so.

UCLA's undergraduate admissions are based on two sets of criteria: academic (grades, test scores) and supplemental ("socio-economic or educational disadvantage"). For each, students are ranked from one (the highest) to six (the lowest). The admissions office admits between 40 and 60 percent of the student body strictly on academic grounds. The next group consists of people whose combined academic and supplemental ranking gives them a high total score. In this combined mark, being disadvantaged may count for more than being smart; a student can have an academic ranking as low as five and still get in if his or her disadvantage rating is at the top. The final group—the "read" group, meaning their files are closely read—are those whose rankings, academic and supplemental, are low.

In 1994, UCLA admitted 6,801 students as part of its academic-only criteria. Of these seventy-seven, or about 1 percent, were African Americans. The African American students admitted in the first, academic, group had an average SAT score nearly 300 points higher than blacks admitted in the latter two groups, and their high-school grades were half a grade higher. Among those not chosen on purely academic grounds, 19 percent were African Americans, and another 51 percent were Latino. These second two categories have effectively become ethnicity driven.

The evidence is equally clear for the fall of 1995. Eighty-one percent of Asians and Caucasians admitted had academic rankings of one or two, but only 10 percent of the Asians and 1 percent of the Caucasians were in the top two supplemental ranks. For Mexican-American and African American applicants, less than 13 percent of those admitted had academic ranks of one or two, but more than 97 percent were in the top two supplemental ranks.

Once admitted, disparities remain. Among white and Asian American students, at least 80 percent graduate within five years. Among African American students, less than half do so. In the UCLA class admitted in 1990, Caucasians had an average grade of just over a "B" while African Americans averaged just above a "C."

A common defense of these disparities is that athletic ability or alumni connections already count in admissions and, therefore, race should, too. But this misses the point. Race, according to the Supreme Court, is a suspect classification subject to strict scrutiny. Athletic prowess (or musical ability, or rich parents) are not suspect classifications and do not require strict judicial scrutiny. If these traits were treated legally the same as race, then I could sue the Boston Red Sox for denying me my lifelong ambition of playing second base for them simply because I can't hit, an untalented violinist could sue the New York Philharmonic to get a seat in the string section, and rich parents could demand scholarships for their children. One cannot easily correct this problem by abandoning the judicial protection given race; to do that would permit colleges and employers to discriminate against blacks. To the extent race deserves special constitutional protection, it cannot be equated with other principles of classification.

The famous opinion of Justice Lewis Powell in the *Bakke* case, decided in 1978, is still supposedly the basis for racial preference in American law: race, despite its special status, can be a "plus factor" in admissions so long as it is not the decisive one. Yet, at the University of California today, strictly academic admissions would admit a 1 percent black student body (down from 7 percent currently), while the supplemental categories admit students of whom only a tiny fraction are white or Asian. The contrast between the two systems is not a "plus" factor. It is decisive.

The evidence from medical school is the same. Ellen and Jerry Cook—she teaches at the University of California at San Diego (UCSD)—have compared graduates of UCSD who applied to that university's medical school between 1987 and 1993. The *only* students admitted with MCAT scores below the sixtieth percentile or with college grades below 3.0 were from affirmative action groups. Furthermore, a separate study showed that students from poorer families received no advantage per se; the only criteria for preference was race and ethnicity. The result was that UCSD admitted students based on two different distributions of abilities—one curve consisted of almost all the affirmative action students, another (barely overlapping) curve consisted mostly of whites and Asians. This although both had access to the same undergraduate education.

Much the same pattern exists in law schools. If you have an LSAT score below the ninetieth percentile and college grades below 3.5, you are vastly more likely to be admitted into UCLA Law School if you are black or Hispanic than if you are white or Asian. One study, done unofficially by a student who cracked the law school's secrecy codes, suggests that the grades received by black students during their first year are significantly lower than those received by whites.

The costs of professional school racial preference are greater than those of undergraduate colleges in part because 18 year olds have a wider range of available opportunities. High-school students wanting to enter a good university have more choices than do those wanting to enter the considerably smaller number of good law or medical schools. By the same token, the costs to society of admitting less qualified students into these select institutions is greater.

In California, four Under-Represented Minority groups (URMs) are generically entitled to affirmative action: African Americans, Native Americans, Mexican-Americans and mainland Puerto Ricans. Let us suppose

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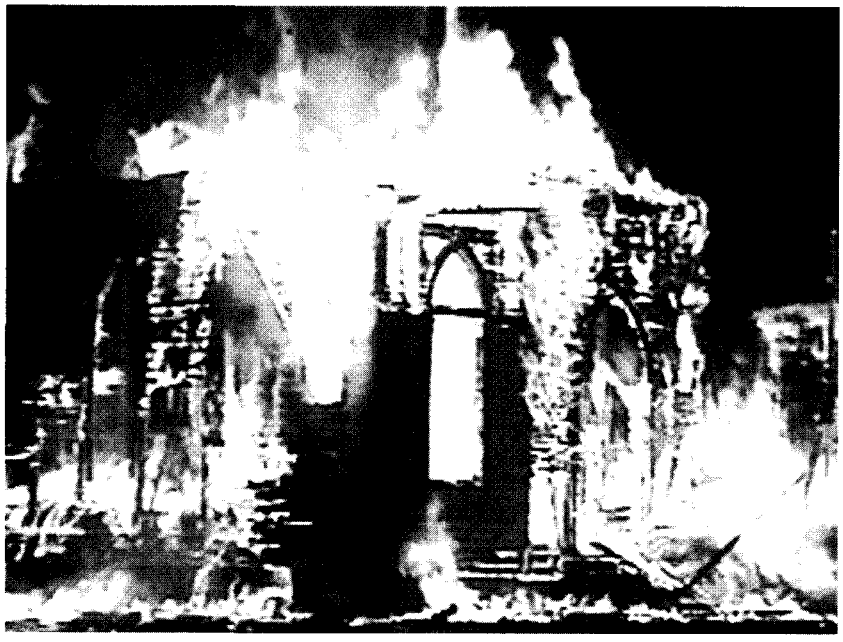
The Fire of Hate Consumes Us All



Help Put It Out Now

Far more than the men, women and children of the more than 30 burned Black Churches have been hurt by the cowardly acts of prejudice that burned their places of worship.

We have all been hurt by these acts of hate.

They have defaced the values that affect each of us. They have violated our American guarantees of freedom regardless of race, religion or ethnicity.

At the Anti-Defamation League and the National Urban League, we know all too well that people of good will must never be silent in the face of bigotry. The consequences of silence are deadly.

You can — indeed you must — do something to stop these vicious hatemongers from succeeding. Speak out. Tell the victims they are not alone. Show the perpetrators that their acts of hate enrage all good Americans.

Show your support by writing letters to the members of the burned churches. Mail them to us and we will forward them to the appropriate addresses. And, if you are able, please contribute as much as you can to help rebuild these houses of worship.

Send your check, made out to *ADL-Rebuild the Churches Fund*, and mail to the address below. All contributions to this fund will be distributed for the rebuilding of these churches.

ADL and the Urban League will stand together to combat hatred, bigotry, intolerance and discrimination. We will join to develop programs to battle the bigots, to champion laws against crimes of hate and to urge our fellow Americans to reject the ugly messages of the haters who plague our world.

Edmund Burke said it best, "All that is necessary for the triumph of evil is for good men to do nothing."

David H. Strassler
National Chairman

Abraham H. Foxman
National Director

ADL Anti-Defamation League®

Hugh B. Price
President

Reginald K. Brack, Jr
Chairman of the Board of Trustees

National Urban League, Inc.

Rebuild the Churches Fund, Anti-Defamation League, 823 United Nations Plaza, New York, NY 10017 www.adl.org

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for a moment that African Americans belong there because of past discrimination and the legacy of slavery. But on what grounds are Mexican-Americans on the list and other Hispanics numerous in California—Guatemalans, El Salvadorans, Cubans—not? At one time Asians were the object of the bluntest possible discrimination in California—many could not own land or serve on a jury—and Japanese-Americans were exiled to inland camps during World War II. Yet Asians do not make the list and, indeed, lose space in universities owing to the preferences given to URMs. The Vietnamese came to this country poor after a war in which we were a major participant, but URM graduates applying for admission to California medical schools were 2.7 times as likely to be accepted as Vietnamese students despite the fact that the grades of most of the rejected Vietnamese were higher than those of most of the accepted URMs.

One argument often cited in favor of university affirmative action is its support among faculty. And, indeed, last year the UCLA faculty legislative assembly did vote by a margin of six to one to criticize the State Regents for abandoning racial preferences. (Although when the assembly's vote was sent out on a mail ballot to all faculty members, support for its position fell from six to one to three to two, and to even lower margins at other UC campuses.) But even this does not prove faculty support for racial preference, since some faculty may have objected to the *way* the Regents made their decision, rather than to the principle of color-blindness itself. In 1995 the California Association of Scholars polled faculty opinion in the nine California public universities. Designed by the Roper Center for Public Opinion Research, the central question was this: Should the university "grant preferences to women and certain racial and ethnic groups in admissions, hiring and promotions?" Most faculty said no.

Just as affirmative action is more costly for professional schools than undergraduate colleges, it is more problematic at some colleges than others. At Harvard, with its pick of the country's top high-school students, white and black, the racial gap on college entrance scores was modest. But the scarcity of academically prepared blacks means that the best universities skim off the top. The result is that other universities—including the very good public universities in California—take a chance admitting students who may be unprepared to tackle college-level work, and may not graduate at all.

Affirmative action has lost its moorings. Colleges legitimately want a diverse student body, but their definition of diversity is limited to ethnicity, excludes ideology and favors some but not other ethnic groups. Law and medical schools want to produce more attorneys and physicians of certain ethnicities, but they can only do this by denying—not modifying, but denying—equal access to more talented applicants, thereby lowering the quality of the professionals they produce. This inevitably has consequences for consumers of medicine and legal assistance.

As universities become more competitive overall while lowering the standards by which they admit certain students, they increasingly produce anger and frustration among those hardworking young people who have upheld demanding standards themselves and expect their universities to do the same. Even worse, the very professional schools that have long made a special claim to excellence have abandoned that claim—to the dismay of all those who once believed them.

JAMES Q. WILSON, a professor at the University of California-Los Angeles, is author of *The Moral Sense* (The Free Press).

Dick Lamm's opportunity.

AGITPOL

By Matthew Miller

In his classic work *The American Political Tradition*, Richard Hofstadter brilliantly analyzed the career of abolitionist Wendell Phillips and the different but equally vital roles of Agitator and Politician in a democracy. The function of the Agitator, who appealed to conscience and common sense was "not to make laws or determine policy, but to influence the public mind in the interest of some large social transformation." By contrast, as Phillips himself put it, the politician's object "is not absolute right, but ... as much right as the people will sanction. His office is not to instruct public opinion, but to represent it." Yet at rare moments in history, when a social crisis matures, Hofstadter saw that these roles might powerfully blend. Then "the sharp distinctions that govern the logical and doctrinaire mind of the agitator become at one with the realities, and he appears overnight to the people as a plausible and forceful thinker." In Phillips's case, though he never held office, this alignment of the stars made him one of America's most influential men in the years after the beginning of the Civil War.

Which brings us to Richard Lamm: former three-term Democratic governor of Colorado, apostle of hard choices on Social Security and Medicare, and presidential candidate of Ross Perot's Reform Party, if the chips fall his way. Call Lamm the "Agitpol"—an agitating politician-in-exile who's dipped his toe back in the water again, betting that the coming collision between the baby-boomers' retirement and our unsustainable entitlements means the time is ripe for a more austere, didactic brand of politician—if not to win the presidency, at least to jolt national debate.

Let me come clean: I'm an unabashed Dick Lamm

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fan (we met in 1991, and have remained friendly since). Indeed, for most generational equity fetishists who came of age during the debt explosion of the '80s, Lamm is a hero. In monographs he churned out at the University of Denver after leaving the statehouse in 1987, Lamm developed the fiscal agenda he calls "compassionate austerity." Now he's exposing the tradeoffs facing our aging population in ways that ordinary politicians find impossibly honest. "My aging body," he said recently, in discussing spiraling health costs, "can prevent your kids from going to college." And: "We as a society spend more money turning 80 year olds into 90 year olds than we do 6 year olds into educated 16 year olds. There's something that doesn't build a great nation with that formula." Can you imagine Bill Clinton, Bob Dole or anyone else saying that?

Thus far the press has focused on whether Lamm's hopes are futile, either because Perot will decide to run himself, or because without Perot the Reform Party won't have the money to make it a horserace. But the more interesting, if still hypothetical, question is what a Lamm candidacy would do to this year's emerging, and so far unimpressive, presidential debate.

For a start, Lamm would serve as a one-man truth squad against the worst campaign instincts of both parties. Longtime Democrat Lamm calls Clinton's Medicare demagoguery "unforgivable" and says Democrats are "deliberately trying to scare the elderly." "The problem," he argues, "is worse than what the Republicans have laid out." And, unlike the new Bob Dole, he'd tell citizens that today's red ink and tomorrow's unfunded promises mean it's no time to cut taxes. Lamm's not a hopeless idealist; he knows how politicians think, but believes they can be pressured or even shamed into more responsible behavior. "I've ducked issues," he admits. "I'm not holding myself out as a politician who's especially courageous. I've taken my share of falls. But there's a way to do it," he says, pointing again to the president's Medicare rhetoric, "without poisoning the well."

Lamm's right in thinking that without the vehicle of a presidential run these issues won't get front-page attention. Absent Lamm or someone like him, our largely stenographic press lacks the "official" hook it needs to spotlight tough issues that neither party wants aired. (Compare 1988, in which the parties and thus the press said nothing about the S&L meltdown, with 1992, when Paul Tsongas and Perot made everyone address the deficit.) But with Lamm embarrassing both candidates with obvious truths, the media will have a newsworthy excuse to do the same.

With any luck, a Lamm candidacy might expose the hypocrisy that undergirded much of this year's "serious" attempt to reduce the size of government. He might start with the nearly $500 billion in annual tax subsidies the feds give away, much in corporate welfare, or in health and housing subsidies that favor better-off Americans: Democrats won't complain for fear of sounding like tax-hikers; Republicans don't care because the beneficiaries vote for them. The Pentagon this year will get 90 percent of its average cold war funding a decade after Russian defense spending has dropped by two-thirds; neither party will peep, in part because they know defense money guarantees jobs. Why should military officers, most of whom have never seen combat, retire with generous pensions at the absurd age of 42? Why are civil service pensions more generous than the private sector's, anyway? There's no shortage of "third rails" for Lamm to leap on.

Not to mention Social Security. While Newt Gingrich says today's leaders lack the "moral authority" to touch it, and Clinton waits to clobber anyone who dares, Lamm is unveiling this week a full-blown overhaul called a "National Thrift Plan." His blueprint would move us from today's troubled pay-as-you-go system (see "Uh-Oh," TNR, April 15) to a fully funded system of individually owned and privately invested Personal Thrift Accounts. Lamm hopes to spark a dialogue on how to improve sagging returns on younger workers' payroll tax contributions and boost national savings. He also wants to get past the partisan snares that invariably bog down such debates; he takes pains, for example, to explain that his scheme of personally owned accounts isn't tantamount to "privatizing" Social Security, since accounts will be mandatory and regulated, lower-income workers will have their contributions matched by the government and every senior will be guaranteed an income equal to 120 percent of the poverty line.

Finally, Lamm could make the case for new government action in ways that President Clinton has all but abandoned. Look for him to use the word "disgrace" (a term Clinton long ago jettisoned) in regards to a health system that leaves 40 million Americans in the cold while spending far more than other nations. Lamm says these "inadequacies of government have to be covered out of the excesses," a principle that could also encompass shifting resources from programs serving well-off seniors to those helping poor kids. Lamm's message to Marian Wright Edelman and the other liberal activists grappling to respond to the assault on anti-poverty spending is that their enemies aren't all on the right. If they truly want to "stand for children," they'll have to stand up first to the AARP.

The best thing about Lamm's quest is that it comes from a politician, a profession too little valued these days, but upon which most public progress depends. Unlike a certain mercurial billionaire, Lamm has spent his adult life putting together coalitions that acquire power and change policy. And, with the seismic shifts that have hit American politics in recent years, he may be right to think that the old conventions are ripe for challenging.

For now, Lamm is having fun. Though he worries people will think he's "on an ego trip," he can't resist talking out loud about the "unity" government he'd love to offer the American people, with a Cabinet boasting the Alan Simpsons and Bob Kerreys of the world. "The role of a third party," Lamm says, quoting Hofstadter, "is to sting like a bee and then die." If we're lucky, for Dick Lamm, the buzz is just beginning. •

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Dennis Ross and the endless peace process.

THE ARABIST

By Jacob Heilbrunn

The State Department deputy has worked feverishly to cobble together a grand peace settlement between warring parties. What his detractors call opportunism his allies call tenacity. No one disputes his skill at wielding power behind the scenes. Warren Christopher has come to rely upon him completely.

Sound like Richard Holbrooke? Guess again. It's Dennis Ross, the Clinton administration's 47-year-old pointman on the Middle East. With Christopher a less than commanding presence, no administration in recent memory has become as dependent on the entrepreneurship of its deputy officials, from Holbrooke on Bosnia to Strobe Talbott on Russia to Winston Lord on China. While Holbrooke or Talbott may enjoy a higher public profile, Ross has been no less central in directing policy toward his region of choice. It was Ross who hammered out the September 1995 agreement concluding the first stage of the Oslo accords, speaking to Yasir Arafat from 3 a.m. to 6 a.m. the night before the deal, as the PLO leader screamed that Israel was about to double cross him on the West Bank. And while some American officials remain in shock over Benjamin Netanyahu's surprise victory, Ross hasn't missed a beat. He's adapted before.

Ross, after all, is a man who moved smoothly from the Baker to the Christopher State Department. Through such shrewd bureaucratic maneuvering he has over the years served two deeply felt goals: a genuine and idealistic devotion to Middle East peace, and the steady advancement of his own career. The two are linked by Ross's disdain for ideology and his belief in steady, long-term negotiation—a mindset he developed as a student of cold war arms control in the 1970s. This desire to keep shifts in ideology from poisoning the ongoing, rational adjudication of interests between opposing powers has provided Ross a justification to continue his work despite changes of American and Israeli regimes. But it has also led him to equate his continued tenure with the peace process, and the perpetual peace process with peace itself.

Ross cut his political teeth as a volunteer in Robert Kennedy's 1968 campaign and worked as director of field operations in the San Fernando Valley for George McGovern in 1972. From the beginning, he was captivated by the Middle East. Robert Zoellick, a colleague in the Baker State Department, says that one of the young Ross's primary frustrations with Vietnam was that "it prevented the U.S. from participating in the Middle East."

But despite his fascination, Ross chose a more promising career track: Kremlinology. Once Jimmy Carter was elected president, Ross, a Ph.D. candidate at the UCLA center for Arms Control and International Security, entered the Pentagon under the tutelage of its director of the office of Net Assessment, Andrew Marshall. Ross's dissertation, an extract of which he published in *Strategic Studies* in May 1978 titled "Rethinking Soviet Strategic Policy: Inputs and Implications," preached the Carter line. In it, Ross decried what he saw as the alarmism of cold warriors such as Paul Nitze and Richard Pipes and offered a soothing interpretation of the Soviet nuclear buildup. Ross ascribed the Soviet construction of massive missiles to a "peculiarly Russian-Soviet psychology" that emphasized " 'bigness' as a symbol of 'goodness' or greater effectiveness." Although Soviet nuclear superiority might "eventually ensue," the United States had nothing to worry about. According to Ross, America "need not 'batten down the hatches' and can afford to practice a kind of restraint ... 'superiority' or asymmetries in the nuclear balance are neither militarily destabilizing nor politically detrimental."

Reagan's victory over Carter in 1980, however, did nothing to disrupt Ross's professional rise. Fitting his views to the new regime, Ross went on to hold policy-making jobs in the State Department and National Security Council. His big break came in 1986, when he caught the attention of then Vice President George Bush during a trip to Israel, Jordan and Egypt. Impressed by his sobriety and command of detail, Bush asked him to become his chief foreign policy adviser in the 1988 campaign. Ross abandoned his former Carterite sympathies to help torpedo Michael Dukakis's presidential campaign—portraying him as naïve about the Soviet threat.

With Bush's victory, James Baker tapped Ross to become his deputy on Middle East policy. Like his Bush administration colleague Richard Haas and his current deputy, Aaron D. Miller (named after the Zionist leader A. D. Gordon), and David Kurtzer, an orthodox Jew

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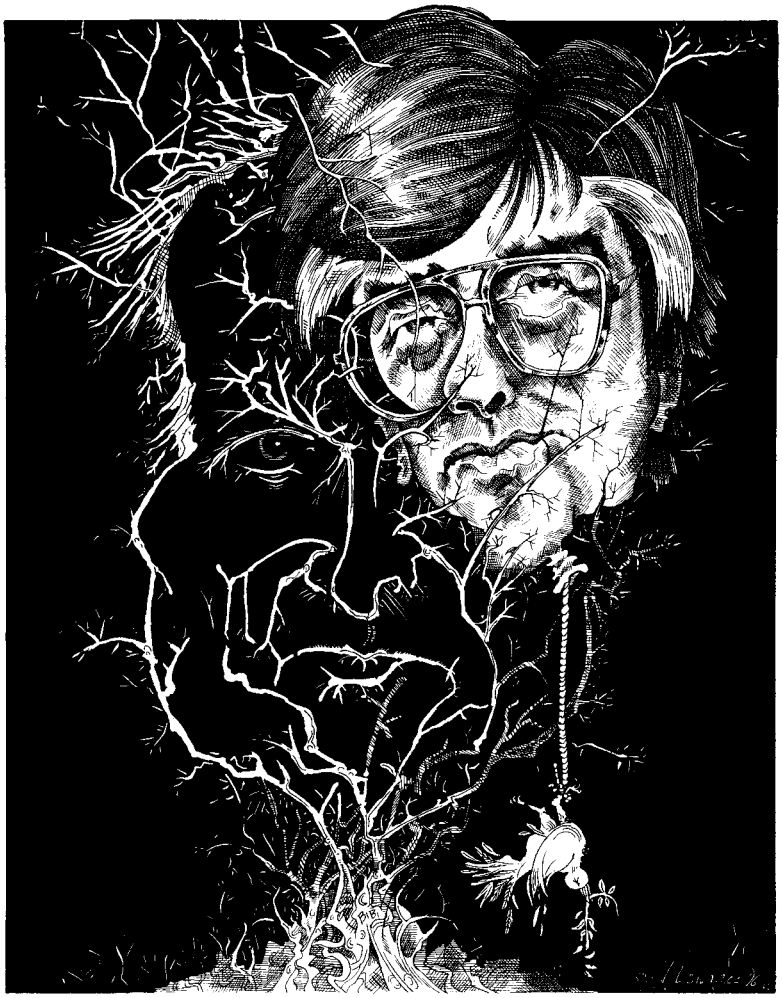
who has continued on as Deputy Assistant Secretary of State, Ross represented the rise of a group who might be called Jewish Arabists. Until the 1980s, as *Atlantic Monthly* writer Robert Kaplan details in his book *The Arabists*, it would have been unthinkable for American Jews to occupy top Middle East slots. On the contrary, Middle East policy was the exclusive preserve of old-line establishment figures like George Ball, who had opposed the creation of Israel and who viewed its continued existence as blocking a settlement with Russia.

By the Bush administration, of course, the Middle East was no longer viewed through the prism of the cold war. Ross and his associates were more interested in the region's internal dynamics than in its role in a superpower version of the Great Game. But, having been trained in Russia policy, Ross did bring its methodologies to bear on the Middle East. Ross called for an "incrementalist" approach toward the Arab-Israeli conflict. Public conferences and grand gestures were off the map; instead, the new administration should focus on confidence-building measures and nudge the various parties forward. As Baker's chief ideas man on the Middle East, Ross had free rein to put his theories into practice.



DENNIS ROSS BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Unfortunately, those theories, which rested on pressuring Israel, resulted in hostile relations between Jerusalem and Washington. Ross and his cohort may have viewed themselves as ideologically neutral and above the fray, but they wound up executing Baker's anti-Israel agenda. It was Ross, after all, who penned Baker's speech to AIPAC demanding that Israel's leaders abandon the "unrealistic vision of a Greater Israel" that includes the West Bank and Gaza. Ross pushed for the Madrid meeting in October 1991 at which Israel, Syria, Egypt and the PLO, among others, met to discuss a settlement, but Bush and Baker's efforts at a deal were put on hold when Baker returned to the White House to run Bush's re-election campaign. Ross went along with him and tried to duplicate his success in 1988 by depicting Clinton as dangerously weak on national security.

This time, Ross's efforts failed. But he had by now become a veteran at weathering changes of administration. Slated to leave government for the Washington Institute for Near East Policy, Ross instead insinuated himself into the graces of Warren Christopher and was asked to stay on. This was not only careerism. Ideology and party mattered to him less than keeping alive the negotiations the Bush administration had launched in October 1991 between Arabs and Israelis. His appointment, Ross told *The Los Angeles Times* in June 1993, "sends a signal to the parties that Secretary Christopher is serious about making a real run at this. He wants results this year."

Once again, Ross attempted his "incrementalist" approach. He concentrated on arranging meetings between Israeli and PLO representatives in Washington in 1993, but in the end those talks proved merely a smoke screen for the real action. As in 1977, when Anwar Sadat visited Jerusalem to head off an American attempt to involve Russia in a sweeping peace settlement, it was precisely the grand gesture that resulted in progress, namely, the dramatic backdoor negotiating sessions in Oslo between the Israelis and the PLO. Just as the Carter administration had been caught flat-footed by Sadat's initiative, so the Clintonites were stunned by Oslo.

Since Oslo, Ross has driven Clinton administration efforts in the Middle East. He sits at the center of an influential policymaking circle, including Israeli Ambassador Itamar Rabinovich, American Ambassador Martin Indyk, Peres's right-hand man Yossi Beilin and Robert Satloff, president of the Washington Institute for Near East Policy, which buys Shimon Peres's vision of a new Middle East that transcends old hatreds through economic cooperation. Speaking before an AIPAC convention in December 1995, Ross waxed that it was necessary to create a "new reality" and that Peres "sees, and we see, that if there's an agreement with Syria and an agreement with Lebanon, it means the end of the Arab-Israeli wars. It means an acceleration of the process of normalization and reconciliation." In May,

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Ross maintained that the peace process "continues because it responds to the fundamentals. The vast majority of the peoples of the Middle East want peace. They want a normal life.... They do not want the price of conflict to be a price that continues to deny a normal life and continues to ensure that the region doesn't progress economically."

The defeat of Shimon Peres, however, suggests that inside Israel a less rosy view now prevails. Israel already enjoys a warm peace with Jordan and a cold peace with Egypt. That Syria will budge from its obdurate rejection of American and Israeli overtures seems most unlikely. Ross's response to Hafez al-Assad's rejectionism has been to defend the process as an end in itself. In a June interview with Daniel Pipes in *Middle East Quarterly*, Ross claimed that "in the negotiations, we have seen a serious Syrian effort to explore ways to overcome differences with the Israelis.... We look at the process as a serious process; but we cannot yet say whether or not that process will achieve desired results...."

Where does the U.S. go after Netanyahu's victory? Top administration officials profess optimism, even in regard to Syria: "We have made headway on nonsecurity issues—the contents of peace, how does it evolve, and there is the potential for economic cooperation," says one State Department official. But one prominent Middle East expert observes that "Dennis has simply spent too much time with Assad—you're inevitably influenced—and is placing too much credence in his interlocutors. Assad is using Ross to stay off the rogue's list."

The truth is that the Clinton administration's leverage over both Assad and Netanyahu may well be limited. Christopher's cautious line on settlement policies indicates that the administration has no intention of rocking the boat during an election year. "Dennis is not part of the political conversation that Christopher has with Clinton," says Zoellick. Meanwhile, White House staffers like George Stephanopoulos, mindful of Ross's Reagan-Bush pedigree, remain wary of him. Ross gets along with Christopher, but if U.N. Ambassador Madeleine Albright, who faced off against him in 1988 as Dukakis's foreign policy adviser, becomes Secretary of State in a second Clinton term, Ross's position would become much more tenuous.

Still, even if Netanyahu's victory dooms hopes for a comprehensive peace, it is in everyone's interest to see the peace process continue. Netanyahu may take his cue from Assad, haggling over incremental offers and counteroffers as a way to appease America while never going all the way. For Ross this is not an intolerable state of affairs. Despite mutterings from partisan Democrats and Republicans eager to see Ross get his comeuppance, it is the more outspoken Ambassador Martin Indyk who is likely to become the lamb sacrificed for good relations with Netanyahu. Meanwhile, Ross will continue to machinate in the background, jetting with his boss Christopher from capital to capital, confidence-building schemes in tow. Ross, a veteran of the interminable arms control negotiations of the 1970s, is in it for the long haul. But he may be forgetting the cold war's most important lesson: real agreements had to await the fundamental opening of non-democratic regimes. •

CAMPAIGN JOURNAL

CRUCIFIXATION

By Michael Lewis

June 14:

The last time I laid eyes on Alan Keyes he was storming out of a television station in South Carolina after being denied the chance to debate. His flipper feet were moving a mile a minute down a lonely stretch of highway, and he didn't seem very happy to see me. All in all he conveyed the impression of a man who had come entirely unhinged. "I seen that look in guys' eyes," Morry Taylor said at the time, "Keyes has gone up and up and up, and now he's out the universe. He's never coming back." It was only a few days later, of course, that he was whisked away in handcuffs from a television station in Atlanta and commenced his hunger strike.

And so I am a trifle ill at ease as I sit waiting on a bench in a Quality Inn in Chicago for Alan Keyes to appear at the First Annual Black Pro-life Unity Conference. I don't have to wait long: five minutes after I arrive he does, too, moving swiftly past a poster board decorated with grisly photographs of babies aborted in the third trimester.

It turns out that Keyes has been campaigning steadily since our last encounter. Only in the past couple of weeks has he relaxed his crusade. "A couple of more television appearances," says Jim, an aide who travels with Keyes wherever he goes. "And this thing would have taken off." Jim illustrates an important rule in politics:

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the less well-paid the staff, the more devoted they are. Jim was on hand when Keyes was arrested in Atlanta; he fasted right alongside Keyes for the three days it took to get him back into the televised debates. "Everywhere we go now," says Jim, "the police come up to Alan and joke that they're going to drag him away in handcuffs."

Half an hour later Jim and I are seated at a table with eight pro-life blacks—four men and four women—in a banquet room filled with maybe 300 pro-life blacks. It emerges that two of the people at our table are pastors; and it isn't five minutes before I am forced to admit that I am an atheist. The news is met as it always is: tell a Christian that you are an atheist, and he invariably responds with the uncomfortable smile of a man who thinks a joke is being played on him. The man across the table leans in. "Let me ask you this," he says, "the atom is the basic building block of the universe, right?" "Right," I say. "And man just discovered the atom thirty years ago, right?" he asks. "I guess," I say. "But here is my question," he continues, "who created the atom?" I'm stumped. "Evolution," I say, uncertainly. He and everyone else at the table smile, knowingly. "But who created evolution?" he asks. "God?" I guess. "Right!" he says. "But then who created God?" I ask. Now it's his turn to be stumped. But just then we're saved by a noise over the loudspeaker: the ceremonies begin.

An hour later Alan Keyes is introduced. ("The man with the message," says the emcee. "The man with the tenacity. The man with the audacity.") To a standing ovation he takes the podium: all over the room black people are cheering at the top of their lungs for a Republican presidential candidate. This is the first time I have seen Keyes address a black audience. After a rousing description of the trials of black Americans, he arrives at his thesis: that prolonged suffering ennobles. His voice is rising steadily toward his usual high-pitched call to arms:

> I am reminded of that great phrase which moves me so from the New Testament. Because as Christ refers to himself so I have always felt he refers to black Americans. "The stone that the builder rejected." See, in a very real sense in American history this is who we are. You know this? We are. Because there in the beginning when they fashioned the Republic and put the Constitution together and so forth and so on, where were we? As slaves and rejected and deprived of rights and citizenship. Interpreted as three-fifths of persons in the South—you remember that?

The audience murmurs. "That's right," mumbles the Reverend Hiram Crawford, seated at the high table beside the podium. He has the timeless craggy face of an Old Testament prophet with deep-set raccoon eyes. He is a legend of the black pro-life movement, I'm told. As Keyes speaks he remains perfectly still, except for a slow circling of his mouth, like a cow chewing on its cud.

> And even though the great ideas and ideals on which the nation was based required a respect for our whole humanity, yet we were denied that respect, and rejected out of the body of this human race which otherwise was being set upon the path to liberty. See? "The stone that the builder rejected."

"That's right!" mumbles Revered Crawford. "Amen," shouts a woman at my table.

> And yet throughout the history of America that stone that the builder rejected sat there in various ways—during the slave years and during the years of discrimination and segregation and injustice. And where did we sit? We sat as a great reproach and as a great reminder. Always representing to the conscience of America the true founding principles that are indeed the foundation stone of this nation's life. You see, there is a way in which in our life, our history, our essence as a people we are closely tied to the moral foundations of America. We suffered when those moral foundations were abrogated. We revived and fought for freedom as the conscience of the nation once again became sensitive to the truth of those moral principles. But you know the Good Book says again: of those to whom much is given much shall be required.

The audience erupts. "He tells the truth! He tells the truth!" shouts Reverend Crawford.

> Now I *know* that there are people who look back on the history of black Americans, and they don't see much we've been given. They see freedom taken away and goods taken away and dignity defiled and so forth. They don't see much we've been given. But I look at it with a different eye. I think there are many people who do. Because I look at it with the eye of one who falls down my knees in reverence. As a man who was stripped of all dignity and crowned with thorns and set upon a cross on Golgotha to be looked at: *everything was lost.* And yet, in fact, that crucifixion represented the greatest gift of all. And we look at the history of black America in the light of that great truth. And all the trials and all the tribulations and all the tragedies and all of the sacrifices simply lift us up upon the cross along with Jesus Christ and give us a chance if we will to save the world.

Tears now flow freely down the face of the woman at my table; and she's not alone. Just then I have a white boy moment. A white boy moment occurs when something that should have been perfectly obvious about black life suddenly dawns on you. Of course black people draw inspiration from tales of suffering!

The audience is on its feet, while Keyes, now plunging down toward the end of his talk, makes a masterful twist—a kind of rhetorical full pike.

> And I think there is no issue that puts that chance before us so much as the issue of abortion.... They are the slaves of our time. And the womb is our auction block. And the dignity of life is being bought and sold in order to establish a selfish regime of irresponsibility. And who is going to call this nation back to itself if we do not? Who is going to call this nation back to the great principles of human justice and equality grounded in the will of God if we do not? [Now his voice softens; it is barely audible.] We are indeed the stone that the builder rejected. And today the foundations are crumbling.

It's maybe the twentieth time I've heard Keyes speak. Before each speech I promise myself that I won't let myself become swept up yet again in what he is saying; yet after he speaks I am always someplace different from where I started out.

A few minutes later I hop into the back of the car taking Keyes to his hotel. From the front seat, he makes chit-chat: he tells me that he needs to figure out how to

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pay for his son's college tuition, that he's still burnt out from the campaign. He opines that Dole was foolish to offend Gary Bauer. By offending Bauer he offended Bauer's effective boss, James Dobson, director of the mammoth quasi-Christian media empire Focus on the Family. "It took *tremendous* effort to wake these people up to politics," Keyes says. "Bob Dole thinks that they'll vote for him over Clinton, but that's not the choice. If he keeps this up they'll just go back to church. That's what they were doing before. They'll go back to tending their garden, praying and waiting for the Second Coming."

I tell him that I'm thinking of heading out to Colorado Springs to examine this particular proposition. He perks up. "In some sense," he says, "Colorado Springs is the capital of American Christian activism."

June 15:

Colorado Springs. At seven in the evening I set off from beneath Pike's Peak to find the New Life Church. I had discovered the church in a special advertisement in the yellow pages:

The New Life Church
Making It Hard For People To Go To Hell
From Colorado Springs

As I exit the highway and wind my way up the single-lane road to the church I am able to see just how concentrated the movement is here. Just beyond the New Life Church is the International Bible Society; just before it is the sprawling headquarters of Focus on the Family. The landscape is dotted with churches: churches planned, churches under construction, churches built.

Drive across America and every so often—usually in a suburb, usually in the Sun Belt—you will be pulled up short by a monstrosity that claims to be a church but looks nothing like any church you have ever seen. The model for these strange places stands forty minutes outside Chicago, in a suburb called South Barrington. It is called the Willow Creek Church, and it was created in 1975 after a shrewd marketing survey. Having first identified a plausible neighborhood, Pastor Bill Hybels went door to door asking people what they wanted in a church. It turned out that what they wanted was nothing like what you think of when you think of the word "church." There was a strong dislike of crosses, for instance, and of all other traditional religious imagery and design. The structure Hybels created in the end was aesthetically unpleasing—barely distinguishable from one of Morry Taylor's tire factories. But within a few years Willow Creek had become the largest church in America. Each week 17,000 people pass through its doors. Bill Hybels became the informal spiritual adviser to President Bill Clinton.

Colorado Springs' New Life falls squarely in this new tradition, though Pastor Ted Haggard is unlikely to be called into this White House. After a quick tour of the framed press clippings and photos of his world travels ("There I am on top of the dome asking God to pour out his spirit on the mosque") we sit thigh to thigh on the visitors' side of his desk. Between us lies the very Bible—*The New International Version of the New Testament*—created by New Life's next-door neighbors. The *NIV* has become the best-selling English translation of the Bible, Pastor Ted explains, and a quick glance through the index tells you why. It has been updated for contemporary life. Under "Entertainment Media," for instance, it cites Luke 23:35. Turn to the page and you find not only the passage ("The people stood watching ... ") but a footnote that tells you how to interpret it. "One of the surest proofs of depravity of the human heart," it reads, "is the fact that people take pleasure in violence, blood and death."

If anyone ever set out to prove that a person's occupation derived from his physiognomy they would start with Pastor Ted. Even when he's relaxed his face assumes an expression of concentrated beatitude—smiling broadly with his eyes squinted tightly. When he speaks he crinkles his eyes and breaks out into silent laughter, an exaggerated version of his natural demeanor. Other than that, and his native wit, he is the spitting image of Dan Quayle.

The rejuvenation of Colorado Springs began with a vision in 1985 on the back side of Pike's Peak, where he and his wife, Gayle, had gone camping, he tells me with a broad smile. Pastor Ted believes in the power of cumulative prayer: the more prayers you focus at once on a particular problem the more likely the problem will be solved. Thus, when Pastor Ted came down from the mountaintop, he prayed repeatedly for Colorado Springs. He tore the phone book to pieces, for example, and prayed for each name in it. "You can't explain the Colorado Springs phenomenon in natural terms," he says. "These ministries didn't come here for political reasons, or simply because of the low cost of living. They came because they heard about the renewal that was occurring in the churches." Last year Pastor Ted coordinated the prayers of 44 million Christians worldwide. Reporters trundle through his office constantly, in search of Colorado Springs' leading evangelist, whom they expect will froth at the mouth. "ABC came here a while ago," he says, "and they really needed to have me be the guy who wanted to take control of the school system. They were hoping to find a guy dressed in black with one of those stringy black ties. When they saw me and I gave them my answers I could see they were disappointed. They ended up finding a guy in Pennsylvania."

After an hour or so I am beginning to think that we have found some common ground. For in one important respect Pastor Ted defies the stereotype of the evangelist: he seems undisturbed by modernity. He saw that the church needed to adapt, and so he has adapted it. It was too uncomfortable—a hard wooden bench in a Barcalounger culture—and so he loosened it up. The rewards it offered were too slow in coming, and so he promised anyone who attended an immediate "power encounter" with God. It is all rather enterprising of him, I think, much like a heathen might do it. But then I ask Pastor Ted what he saw when he first arrived in 1985 in Colorado Springs.

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"I saw discouraged Christians and satanists," he says.

"Satanists?"

"People who believe Lucifer is Lord and needs to be worshiped. I'm glad you asked me that because the media doesn't understand it."

"But ... how did you know they were satanists?" Our conversation is suddenly tilting wildly, like a ouija board.

"People would tell us about it," he says, with the clarity of simplicity. "People would try to escape from covens and tell us about the struggle to get out. I have an interest in satanic meetings. If people are going to covens, I have more of an interest."

I am a bit uncertain where to go from here. I know that he is going to tell me things that will make him appear perfectly ridiculous in print. I know also that I will put them in print. But it is not the usual duplicitous journalistic encounter. For Pastor Ted knows exactly what he is doing. He *likes* the idea of me reporting these crackpot beliefs.

From there the tone of the conversation is no different than the tone of, say, a lecture on physics. Pastor Ted explains to me how cows and babies were being eviscerated in the dead of night when he arrived in Colorado Springs; I nod and write and try hard to think of a follow-up question. Each time I feel like maybe we're about to wander back onto common ground, the ground washes out from under me in a flood of passion.

"Is there still satanism in Colorado Springs?" I ask after a while.

"Not that we can detect," he says, smiling—or, rather, laughing.

"How do you know?"

"Genuine satanists are very in-your-face kinds of people," he says. "They're really rough. But it's true, you can't always tell. Some satanists, like Generation X satanists, they look like satanists. They dress in black. Other times they are totally cloaked. They look like the guy who manages McDonalds. But if Christians pray it makes it so satanists cannot get a spiritual response...." Pause. "Does that sound weird?"

It is getting close to 9 p.m., and outside it is dark. I think Pastor Ted would let me interview him until midnight if I were so inclined. I'm not. But as I beat a retreat to the door I think of a final question. "If Ralph Reed wanted to come to speak in this church would you let him in?"

"Who is Ralph Reed?"

June 16:

My Episcopalian grandmother used to say that Father's Day was a contrivance of Jewish merchants to get the *goyim* to buy more stuff than they needed. If she were alive to see Pastor Ted in action, she might revise her view: it was created by evangelicals to pluck the heartstrings of their followers. As I stand in the front row of his morning service I can see Ted—between trips to the pulpit—glancing at me out of the corner of his eye. I know what he is thinking. He's thinking he has a convert. And it is true: surrounded by 3,500 like-minded souls I am seized by the rogue desire to stand up and do something drastic. I imagine it all in my head. I say that I have been having troubles in my life and so on and so forth, and then Ted walks up to the podium and tells 3,500 people I have never met that the spirit of the Lord has entered me. Imagine the postcard home!

"The more you hang around here," Pastor Ted tells the congregation, "the more strange you are going to become." But actually that is not true; it would be more true to say that the more you hang around New Life the more you will resemble most everyone else in Colorado Springs. The entire upper crust of the city is represented here—from the police chief to the richest real estate developer. The congregation is white and prosperous. The glass case in the lobby is jammed with the business cards of salesmen from the better companies. It's a sign when ambitious salesmen start turning up in evangelical churches—like the return of the Jews to Jerusalem.

Pastor Ted delivers a sermon on the meaning of God The Father, sprinkled with tiny editorials. In the course of forty minutes he bashes liberals twice and likens the recent FBI brouhaha to the Watergate cover-up. It works. A young woman comes forward to report that she has been healed of back pains; a man says that his whole section has been cleansed of racism—the Lord is generally agreed to be present and accounted for. "We emphasize that all the gifts of the spirit are available today," Pastor Ted tells me, when he returns to his seat for the final time. "You mean that evangelicals offer immediate returns?" I ask. He jolts slightly and says, "immediate responses." Undoubtedly he is right. The appeal of his brand of God is that He doesn't require much up-front investment before He starts paying dividends. In this way and many others evangelism is simply mirroring the moral decline in American life.

It is Gay Pride Week in Colorado Springs, as it turns out. ("I don't understand it," says Pastor Ted. "It would be like having Murderer's Pride Day.") The parade begins an hour after the service ends, and though it is a bit of a hike from the New Life Church it seems worth the trouble. There I am met by Frank Whitworth, the head of the local gay activist organization Ground Zero and this year's parade marshal. He is nearly twenty years older than Pastor Ted and about twenty degrees rounder. If the two men were placed side by side, nine out of ten objective observers would say Pastor Ted was the gay activist and Whitworth the evangelical pastor. That is unlikely to happen, however. In a town of 300,000 in the middle of nowhere, the protagonists of a struggle that has attracted the attention of the world have never met. Pastor Ted has made no more effort to meet Whitworth than Whitworth has to meet him.

As we leap into a car at the head of the parade, Whitworth offers me a quick overview of Pastor Ted's movement. To Whitworth, the link between a new social phenomenon and a radical political initiative was

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never so clear. The boom in evangelical Christianity in Colorado Springs led directly to the anti-gay Amendment Two, the attack on the public library and the marches outside of Planned Parenthood. The proposal to restrict the civil liberties of homosexuals passed with 65 percent of the area's vote largely because of the influence of local churches. "I really believe that homosexuals are just a horse to ride," Whitworth says. "If the horse dies, they'll just find another horse."

Maybe a thousand people march in the gay pride parade, and for a glorious few moments there is on display the varieties of the homosexual experience: dykes on bikes, gays for God, homosexual cowboys, men dressed as women, women dressed as men, even a pagan lesbian dressed in black robes. No one turns out to watch them, however. Indeed, it's astonishing how empty the streets of Colorado Springs remain: Whitworth is reduced to shouting from the lead vehicle at people who just happen to be out on the sidewalks. We finish the half-mile course in eighteen minutes.

June 18:

Pastor Ted had scheduled a prayer session for six o'clock in the morning, but when the alarm rang at 5:30 I slapped it and went back to sleep. I just couldn't do it. At nine I work up the nerve to call him. "You slept in, didn't you?" he asks, in the manner of an indulgent uncle addressing a small child. "I almost came over there and brought you breakfast." We agree that I'll be at the prayer session tomorrow.

I spend the afternoon on the neighboring hill, at Focus on the Family—yet another tax-exempt Christian organization that more closely resembles in spirit and appearance a global corporation. Each day Focus is heard by 3 million North Americans and god knows how many Latin Americans. Each year 250,000 followers of Dobson trundle through the visitor's center. They are shown a video about the founding of Focus on the Family in the 1970s—in response to the "excessive permissiveness" of American society. They are permitted to touch a screen that provides Dr. Dobson's views on homosexuality, divorce, pornography and a lot of other topics. "Focus is a non-political institution," the tour guide explains, standing before a sign that reads: "ELIMINATE DEPRAVITY!"

The most striking aspect of the Focus campus is its perfect spiritual homogeneity. Everyone walks around wearing the same beatific smile as they do at the New Life Church; everyone assumes that everyone else operates in a spirit of kindness and generosity. It's as if a whole world had been created in the image of Lamar Alexander. I'm not sure at first why I find this so creepy; after all, it's nice to be kind and generous even if you have to fake it. At the end of my tour I head for the "chapelteria." There I buy a hamburger and retire to a quiet corner. In between bites, however, I notice the inscription on the wall: "THE GOVERNMENT EXISTS TO MAINTAIN CULTURAL EQUILIBRIUM AND TO PROVIDE A FRAMEWORK OF SOCIAL ORDER."

June 19:

After the prayer session Pastor Ted takes me up the street to the International Bible Society, creator of the world's best-selling Bible. Maybe the best measure of the strength of the evangelical movement is the market share of its Bible. The *New International Version*, conjured into existence with the help of evangelical pastors in the late 1970s, has sold more than 100 million copies. The International Bible Society has figured out among other things that this new market can be segmented. It has created *NIV* Bibles for women, for couples, for recovering addicts and for teenagers. It has created a comic book Bible for incarcerated youth and a third-grade reading level Bible for adult convicts. It hasn't, however, created a Bible for homosexuals. "You couldn't have one," Pastor Ted explains, with his usual shrewd business sense. "You might have one for people *dealing* with homosexual issues, but if you had one that said *homosexual* on the cover people couldn't carry it when they went to church—unless they went to MCC." MCC is the gay church.

That evening I return with Pastor Ted's personal copy of the *NIV* and dig out from the hotel desk drawer the King James version. I turn to a verse Pastor Ted has shown me in Romans 1:

> For this cause God gave them up unto vile affections: for even their women did change the natural use into that which is against nature: And likewise also the men, leaving the natural use of the woman, burned into their lust one toward another; men with men working that which is unseemly, and receiving in themselves that recompense of their error which was meet.

Not so bad, I think. At any rate, in its obscure phrasing it leaves the well-meaning homosexual with a bit of wiggle room. Then I flip into the *NIV*—the very book Pastor Ted had held in his hands when he wed. Here is the equivalent passage:

> Because of [their bad behavior] God gave them over to shameful lusts. Even their women exchanged natural relations for unnatural ones. In the same way the men also abandoned natural relations with women and were inflamed with lust for one another. Men committed indecent acts with other men, and received in themselves the due penalty for their perversion.

The last line guides the reader to a footnote:

> The apostle likely regarded the homosexual/lesbian abomination as the greatest evidence of human degeneracy resulting from immorality and God's abandonment. Any nation that justifies homosexuality or lesbianism as an acceptable lifestyle is in the final stages of moral corruption.

That footnote has probably had more influence on public attitudes toward homosexuality than Ralph Reed and all the gay-baiting Republicans in Congress. Yet the *NIV* has attracted hardly a peep of protest from homosexuals, who are relegated in a book read by most of its 100 million readers as the literal word of God to a moral rung below serial killers. Will politics and culture ever meet? •

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BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

Mystery, Tyranny, Humbuggery

The story of Kaspar Hauser continues to beguile artists. In 1828 a 16-year-old boy appeared in the town of Nuremburg, unable to speak and carrying no clue about his family. He was taught language, and he himself became an object of study for teachers and social patrons. Among the patches of his past that he could recall were memories of a cage in which he had been kept and of a black-clothed figure that had hovered about. In 1833 he died of a knife wound. The assailant was unknown; some think the wound was self-inflicted. This story, enclosed and provocative, was a metaphor waiting to be employed, and it hasn't been neglected.

Novelists and poets have been inspired by it, but its major use, to my knowledge, is in Peter Handke's play *Kaspar* (1967). This stirring, resonant, somewhat bleak work dramatizes poetically the cost of learning language. (Frank Kermode said: "Handke's point is that in acquiring a delusive mastery one is mastered.") Then in 1975 Werner Herzog wrote and directed a film on Kaspar Hauser that has some beauties but is muddled with arty gestures.

Now from another German, Peter Sehr, comes a new film on the subject that he has written and directed. (Actually, it's not so new: it was made in 1993 and has already won prizes.) **Kaspar Hauser** (Leisure Time) fascinates immediately because of the way it looks. The cinematographer, Gernot Roll, uses much the same kind of painterly lighting that Nestor Almendros used in *The Marquise of O.*, a story set in very nearly the same period—soft without gauziness, particularly lovely in the daytime interiors. The sun seems to stream into the grand rococo chambers where much of the film takes place, giving both presence and preservation to history.

The cast is perfect. Especially notable are André Eisermann as Kaspar, confused but painfully hopeful, and Jeremy Clyde as a lacy English lord, fluent in German, who takes both a compassionate and an erotic interest in the boy, with ulterior motives that are at first hidden. Every performance in the film testifies to the actors' comprehension and skill.

Sehr directs with a grip on both period style and modern elision; but his screenplay, its very intent, diminishes the film. Sehr isn't interested in the metaphoric uses that the story has offered: he's concerned with the historical questions that still surround Kaspar. Inevitably, then, his film splits in two.

Some commentators believe, and Sehr addresses this belief, that Kaspar was a pawn in a game of royal succession; that he was the son of the ruler of the state of Baden and that he was spirited away as an infant, thus enabling another child to succeed to the throne; and that Kaspar's life was spared, for a time anyway, because his very existence could be used as a threat. This political plot is worked out in details of diplomacy and boudoirs—worked out a bit too long. (The film runs 137 minutes.)

Because of this pragmatic view of the story, the subjective drama of Kaspar himself loses the symbolic size that Handke gave it and a good deal of even what was in Herzog. Here Kaspar is not a metaphysical mystery; he is a victim. His adventures with language and cognitions are movingly done, but Sehr's approach keeps Kaspar from being the center of the film. He is no longer the protagonist, an instance of ontogeny repeating phylogeny; he is just a puppet in someone's power play. This may be of service to a historical inquiry, but it is of much less service to art.

From Haiti, not a steady source of film imports, comes **The Man by the Shore** (KJM3), written and directed by Raoul Peck. With the opening shot, we know we are in the hands of a discriminating director. We look down an empty street in a sunbaked Caribbean town. Far off, at the intersection, a man pulls a handcart past, going to the left. Quiet. Then, an automobile crosses the intersection, going to the right. Quiet. Then we cut to the next shot. That opening taciturnity, its instant evocation of a tempo of life, entices us.

Peck's directing continues to be clean and simple, qualities that are not simply achieved. Armand Marco's camera supplies color without fruitiness. The actors, all Haitian, understand authenticity, even the children. But there's a difficulty, and it's an odd one, oddly related to Sehr's difficulty: Peck's screenplay.

The time is 1960, in the regime of Papa Doc. The story recounts official brutality, exploitation and murder in a small town, especially as they affect one shopkeeping family. But once the

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Cold Comfort Farm. *A witty and deft rendering of Stella Gibbons's 1932 novel. A breezy London miss is plunked down amid a well-meaning but woolly farm family. (Reviewed 5/27/96)* **The Horseman on the Roof.** *Derring-do, southern France, 1830s. A handsome Italian political refugee, a lovely French aristo. Done in beautiful Provence. (6/17/96)* **Human Rights Watch Film Festival.** *A series of forty-one films from fifteen countries, concerned with political and social troubles. If it comes to your area, do at least sample it. (7/1/96)* **Who Killed Pasolini?** *A finely made docudrama that investigates the still-unsolved murder of the Italian director in 1975—with strong suggestions that it was a fascist plot, not the murder of a gay man by a gay hooker. (7/1/96)*—**SK**

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characters are in place, we know—too terribly well—what is going to happen. Humanly speaking, this account is just as important as any other account of moral squalor. But just as Sehr discounted art in his screenplay, so Peck discounted it in his. Peck, compassionate though he is, lacks the art to make the familiar horror as freshly horrible as it ought to be.

How Sean Connery loves to play Superman. Now grizzled, still Superman. James Bond primed him for the concept, of course; he has clung to it and, in clunky ways, enlarged it ever since. *Medicine Man* and *Rising Sun* were only two of the latest in which he was superior to every other male in the picture in every way, including amour. That last aspect is now stowed away, apparently, but every other macho blue ribbon still bedecks him.

What a part they've cooked up for him in **The Rock** (Hollywood). He didn't write the screenplay, but he is both star and coproducer, and we can be sure that the script was tailored to his broadchested measure. Connery plays a former member of British Intelligence who, thirty years ago, somehow became privy to tremendous American secrets, including the identity of JFK's real assassin; and who was hidden away in Alcatraz when it was still a prison—no trial or sentence, just hidden away. But our Sean escaped, the only man (natch) ever to do it; was recaptured; was hidden away again in another prison twenty years ago in solitary confinement.

Now he is needed. A group of tourists visiting the disused Alcatraz have been taken prisoner there by a maverick Marine general and some of his loyal troops. The general threatens the killing of the tourists and the destruction of San Francisco with poison gas that his corps has stolen from the Navy—unless their demands are met. They want compensation paid to the families of all men sent on secret missions who were killed but unacknowledged, along with compensation to themselves. (Recent revelations confirm that there were indeed such write-offs of secret operatives.) The FBI and other agencies must find a way to get into Alcatraz and capture the maverick Marines. Only one man is familiar with the maze of Alcatraz's tunnels, so the FBI is forced to ask Connery's help—in return for his eventual pardon.

Out comes Connery after twenty years in solitary, trim, sun-tanned, mentally alert, literate, shrewd and—well, everything. He leads the attack on Alcatraz through all kinds of physical hazards and tactical puzzles without turning a white hair. Along with him goes Nicolas Cage, as an FBI chemical expert. Cage is a perfect foil for Connery because Connery, no matter how ludicrous his exploits, really radiates as a man and Cage is a forty-watt bulb. Ed Harris plays the Marine general, making the moves and sounds that we expect.

It's all nonsense, including still one more car chase through the streets of San Francisco in which, despite the zooming through traffic and the smashing of cars, not one person is hurt. *The Rock* is just the latest example of an overwhelmingly familiar datum: the realism so easily available to film is often used to support fantasy.

When film more or less took over melodrama from the theater ninety years ago, it proudly provided real oceans instead of canvas waves rippled by stagehands; but the plots remained humbug. Very soon the vast increase in veristic detail became a license for an equally vast increase in humbuggery. *The Rock* is as ridiculous an example as one could want. (And, obviously, many more than one do want it.) •

Jed Perl on Art

In Search of the Minotaur

You're going to see some very familiar faces at "Picasso and Portraiture," the Museum of Modern Art's big summer show. Gertrude Stein and Stravinsky are here, and of course Picasso's two wives and various lovers, and even the sitters whose identities aren't immediately apparent frequently trigger a shock of recognition. We feel we've seen all Picasso's people before, no doubt because we've grown up with this artist who turned the times of his life, which were also the times of our century, into rawly emblematic images. The considerable unevenness—even sometimes the uncouthness—of Picasso's work heightens its autobiographical power. He leaves his feelings more exposed than most great artists, so that a

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show devoted to portraits of his family and lovers and friends puts us in direct contact with the man. At "Picasso and Portraiture" museumgoers come about as close as they ever have to discovering how a genius ticks.

William Rubin, the director emeritus of the Museum of Modern Art's Department of Painting and Sculpture, is responsible for every aspect of the show. He is probably the most significant organizer of exhibitions at work today, and this one is among his more finely nuanced achievements. I have heard it said that "Picasso and Portraiture" is too scholarly, too complicated, too opinionated—which is basically a way of saying that Rubin isn't one of those fade-into-the-woodwork curators who generally organize retrospectives dealing with legendary artists. Here is a museum man of rare intellectual refinement who is also not afraid of Picasso's—or our or his own—feelings. He sees that what Picasso was painting around the turn of the century were the blue-black despondency and floating away, rosy-colored daydreams of everybody's adolescence. He knows that the masterpieces of Analytical Cubism give us some of our most indelible images of the sophisticated perplexities of a suddenly grown-up modern mind. The Neoclassical portraits of the early '20s, with their exact renderings of poets and society women in the clothing of the day, suggest the clearheaded exhilaration of a man who has a sure place in the world. After which, sometime in the '20s, Picasso said to hell with family and friends and went in for erotic abandon and mad love behind closed doors.

"Picasso and Portraiture" could be said to be a mere footnote to the immense retrospective that Rubin organized at the Modern in 1980; but what a footnote it is. Rubin includes more than 230 paintings, drawings and prints, many documentary photographs and unusually detailed wall texts, so that museumgoers are pulled into the intricacies of dozens of relationships, and find themselves astonished all over again at the range and the depth of Picasso's experience. While Rubin does not refute the widely held idea that particular women inspired and became closely associated with one or another of Picasso's styles, he brings wonderful new complications to the equation. Rubin points out that Picasso liked to represent a single person in many different ways, and would employ similar motifs or devices to depict many different friends and lovers over a period of years. It is Rubin's belief that the kaleidoscopic variety of Picasso's portraits is the result of a steady evolutionary process, not abruptly shifting reactions. The show may remind us of our own sometimes hopelessly confused reactions to friends and lovers and family members, who are both companions in the everyday actualities of life and actors in a psychic drama where they take on mythic and allegorical roles. For Picasso, that mythic level was expressed through the unending invention of forms, but even people who've never put brush to canvas know what it's like to find themselves reacting to friends or family in ways that have little to do with what's actually going on.

What is fascinating about faces is the unpredictability within predictability, the way that the particulars give a basic, unchanging configuration a character that's almost always totally distinct. In 1907, with *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon*, Picasso took the face's natural asymmetries to unheard-of extremes. It was in part this radical rejection of symmetry that led to the antihierarchical Cubist vision of a painting in which each part is equally important. But Picasso—who, along with Braque, brought about the Cubist revolution—spent a good deal of the rest of his life painting canvases that reprise a bust-length portrait convention that goes all the way back to ancient times.

There's an essential conservatism even to many of Picasso's most boldly experimental portraits. Some people see this as a fatal flaw, but it can also be seen as Picasso's way of stabilizing his startling realignments of eyes and ears and nose and mouth. It took the most intrepid draftsman of them all to give such absolutely impossible faces an internal logic.

Rubin has subtitled the show "Representation and Transformation," and he's actually managed to suggest how these transformations occur. The catalog includes some good work by a number of scholars, but everything hangs on the curator's long, superb essay, which is a meditation on Picasso's new kind of subjective portraiture. Rubin believes that when Picasso set out to paint a portrait he was less concerned with another person's physiognomy and personality than with his own shifting feelings. Stated flat out, Rubin's thesis can sound fairly obvious, but his analysis is so cogent and expansive that we begin to see the history of portraiture in a new light. Of course, painters before Picasso projected themselves onto their subjects; certainly Rembrandt, whose work fascinated Picasso in his later years, did it all the time. As for the antinaturalistic portrait, it may begin with Van Gogh, another artist whom Picasso admired tremendously, although his exaggerations were intended to reveal the mood of the sitter, not the painter. Rubin points out that Matisse, in certain early strongly abstracted portraits of his wife, turned a beloved face into a private icon. In this sense Matisse set the stage for Picasso, who upped the ante by using a multiplicity of stylistic shifts and inversions to inscribe his autobiography on the women—and the men—in his life.

Rubin presents his essential theme at the beginning of the show, with something like a dozen portraits of Picasso's first great love, Fernande Olivier, done between 1905 and 1909. Fernande's head—with its wonderful roundness, arched eyebrows and narrow, at times almost Asian, eyes—at first has a *fin de siècle* charm, then the dreamy solemnity of an archaic Greek goddess, and finally a jagged, barbaric vehemence. By hanging these paintings and drawings almost on top of one another, Rubin probably means to show how Picasso sometimes finds his forms in a beloved face, and sometimes reimagines that face in terms of an alien but fascinating form. This show is so full of echoes and correspondences and now-you-see-it-now-you-don't transformations that a museumgoer will want to take it very slow.

The paintings and drawings of Olga, Marie-Thérèse, Dora Maar and Françoise Gilot are generally well-known but still amazing. Rubin takes our familiarity with the crazily bright paintings of Marie-Thérèse, or the portraits of Dora in which each angle is as sharp as the blade of a knife, and deepens and enriches the experience, so that the show comes about as close as any museum exhibition has to paralleling the exhilaration of reading the most serious literary biography. In the two galleries devoted to the Cubist years, Rubin shows how certain caricatural exaggerations in portraits of the writers André Salmon and Guillaume Apollinaire lead ineluctably to an increase in abstraction. And how, almost immediately after that, the abstractness is undercut by the reintroduction of naturalistic (sometimes comically naturalistic) details in the portraits of the dealers Vollard, Kahnweiler and Wilhelm Uhde.

The full-page ads for this exhibition which have been running in the front section of *The New York Times* bid people "See Picasso face to face," but for museumgoers who somehow manage to make their way through what is at times an impossibly crowd-packed show, "Picasso and Portraiture" can also be an almost contemplative experience. Of course this show is about sex and passion and enveloping and devouring, but it is also about the logic of the studio,

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Where We Stand

By Albert Shanker, President
American Federation of Teachers

The Smiley-Face Approach

The school board in Clark County, Nevada, has decided that its students deserve a new grading system. Now there will be no more hurt feelings—or damaged self-esteem—because somebody got a D or an F and no more swelled heads because of a straight-A report card. Here's how the system goes, according to the most recent issue of *The Quarterly Review of Doublespeak*:

> [S]tudents who earn D's or below will be characterized not as borderline passing or failing but as *emerging*. Those earning A's will no longer be commended for excellent work but will be told merely that they are *extending*, and those in between will not be described as doing adequate or mediocre work but [that] they are *developing*.

Why risk discouraging any students or hurting their feelings?

The people who invented the traditional grading system undoubtedly thought it was a way of providing information. The Clark County innovation is more likely to produce headaches as those concerned try to figure out what the various "grades" mean. *Emerging* from what? (What if a student is not emerging but is still stuck?) And how is *emerging* different from *developing* or *extending*?

If you switched the grades around, would anybody notice? Probably not, and that is probably the point. Grades used to tell a ninth grader and his parents how successful the student was in mastering algebra. They also distinguished between levels of performance, showing who was doing well and who was not cutting it. The nearly indistinguishable present participles that the Clark County board plans to substitute for A's, B's, and the rest, imply that, if there is any difference, it's not important. The new "grades" are the educational equivalent of the familiar smiley face. Their message: "You are all terrific!"

What will students make of them? First graders were always smart enough to see that the Bluebird reading group was for kids who were having a tough time and the Cardinal group was for those who learned to read in the first two weeks, so Clark County students will probably be able to crack this code. But they'll get another message, too: If the difference between failing and outstanding work is not significant enough to be put in words that are plain and clear, why should they make a big effort to do well?

Parents who want only good news about their children will be big fans of the new system. But those who are used to discussing their children's grades with the kids will be in trouble. You can say to a child who has just gotten a C, "This shows you are not trying. You have to do better next time." (Or "That B in science is great; your hard work really paid off!") What can you say about *developing*? That it won't do?

Of course the Clark County board could solve these problems by collapsing the three grades into one (called *breathing*). And we could sit back and enjoy a laugh—if the foolishness in Clark County were an anomaly. Unfortunately, it isn't. And until we take it on—until we have schools, families, and communities sending consistent signals that achievement counts—all our "reforms" will fail.

For example, officials in many school districts have become uneasy with the practice of honoring the two top-ranking students in senior classes by naming them *valedictorian* and *salutatorian*. Some have stopped the practice altogether. Others, even more mysteriously, have decided that seniors should elect classmates to those honors. It's as though a basketball team decided that the high scorer for the year should be elected.

Officials in a large number of school districts have also gotten rid of class ranking—even though a majority of colleges say they would like this information for the admissions process. There are some good reasons for the change. For example, a student whose grades would put him in the top 10 percent in most schools might not make the top quarter or even the top half in a high-achieving school. However, problems like this could obviously be dealt with on a case-by-case basis. The real reason school officials insist on blurring the distinctions between students is that they think it is somehow unfair to acknowledge that some students have achieved more academically than others. (This is seldom a problem when it comes to sports.)

If this is our attitude towards academic achievement, we will never convince students that working hard in school is worthwhile. Fortunately, a countermovement is developing. One sign is the recent "education summit" where governors and business leaders endorsed high academic standards and agreed to cooperate in working for them. Another is President Clinton's proposal to recognize hard work and good grades by giving $1000 scholarships to the top 5 percent of high school graduates and a tax credit for a second year of college to students who get a B average the first year. But these initiatives are not enough. They will work only if we get rid of the smiley-face approach to academic achievement and attach real stakes to what students do in school when it comes to graduating from high school and getting a job or getting into college.

Mr. Shanker's comments appear in this ad under the auspices of the American Federation of Teachers. Reader correspondence is invited. Address your letters to Mr. Shanker at the AFT, 555 New Jersey Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20001. © 1996 by Albert Shanker.

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and how formal changes are used to record hairsbreadth shifts in an artist's responses to the people in his life. Rubin hasn't necessarily picked paintings and drawings because he thinks they are Picasso's very best. He takes it for granted that Picasso had lots of astronomical highs and sets out to study how he worked things through. There's a poetic indirection to Picasso's achievement, and that's a part of what's being emphasized here. Picasso would represent Dora or Jacqueline in a number of styles, ranging from classic and naturalistic to expressionist and abstract; it was his way of enumerating all the facets of his fascination. And when Rubin turns to secondary figures such as the American expatriate Sara Murphy, who was the inspiration for some Neoclassical images, or Nusch Eluard, the wife of the poet, with whom Picasso had an affair, these interludes turn out to be variations within the variations.

There's a detachment to Picasso's sensuality, almost an iciness, which Rubin interestingly underscores in his catalog essay by juxtaposing Picasso's achievement with that of Leonardo da Vinci. This comparison may strike a reader as extremely odd, for surely nothing is further from Picasso's unprecedented productivity in so many media than da Vinci's abnormally slim production of anything but drawings. Da Vinci's veiled eroticism and elaborate intellectuality can also be seen as polar opposites of Picasso. But once Rubin has begun to lay out the connections between two obsessive draftsmen and keepers of notebooks, it's possible to feel that we're getting a whole new fix on Picasso. Both artists looked at a sheet of paper and saw the potential for extraordinary transformations—each turned his life and times into a visual phantasmagoria.

Rubin says of these artists that their images are "pan-physiognomic," that they create "'associational' enchainments of mental images." They find "analogies in the patterns and shapes of alien objects. Just as Picasso could discover canine features inhabiting the faces of Dora and Jacqueline, and an owl's in that of Françoise, so too Leonardo could pass uninterrupted from the jaw of a roaring lion (itself compared with the heads of nearby horses) to the brow of a shouting soldier, leveling the distinction between man and beast." On a psychological level, Rubin sees this "drive toward metamorphosis" as related to "a profound anxiety linked ultimately to intimations of mortality." But for museumgoers what's most useful is Rubin's belief that Picasso's distortions are something more than an expressionist's impulsive moves. He's saying that Picasso is in da Vinci's league as a myth-maker who can turn faces into fantastic psychological landscapes. While Rubin may overstress Picasso's Olympian poetic side, it's a welcome corrective to some of the recent anti-Picasso campaigns, which have depicted the artist as little more than a crude megalomaniac.

Rubin brings all of his formidable intelligence to bear on Picasso's mysterious creativity, and without in any way overstepping his interpretive role, he encodes his own powerful reactions in the subtle juxtapositions of unexpected works and the way that low-key groups of drawings alternate with almost strident assemblies of paintings. Rubin has let it be known that this is the last major show that he plans to organize at the Modern, and although it wouldn't be possible to guess this by just going through it, "Picasso and Portraiture" does follow a trajectory from jam-packed narrative complexity to unity and gravity, a trajectory that doesn't exactly seem beside the point for a legendary curator's last campaign. Certainly anybody who knows that William Rubin came of age when the Abstract Expressionists were a young man's heroes will appreciate Rubin's own surprise at what he's learned from Picasso, which is that a formalist reading of modern art will not suffice. Rubin worked with Picasso's widow Jacqueline on a number of projects, so that the several galleries devoted to her portraits turn out to be not only about Picasso seeing Jacqueline but also about Rubin's affectionate feelings for this last legendary muse. Rubin may slightly overestimate some of these paintings, but there is no sin in a curator's letting a little sentiment into a museum show. Indeed, we could do with more.

Studying Picasso has emboldened Rubin to shake off some of the modern orthodoxies, so that he's even inclined to accept Neoclassicism as a principled choice for a radical artist in the 1920s and even the 1950s. Yet I can't help feeling that the taste of this curator who was trained to see twentieth-century art as essentially nonfigurative hasn't quite kept pace with his speculative intellectual spirit. Picasso's Neoclassicism around and after 1918 would probably have been inconceivable without the increasingly naturalistic work that Derain had been doing even before the war. And Picasso's portraits of Dora Maar in the '40s and of his own children in the '50s owe a great deal to Balthus. One need not dig deep to get these connections; early in the century, Derain was widely believed to stand with Matisse and Picasso at the pinnacle of School of Paris art, and Picasso owned important work by both Balthus and Derain. The portrait of Dora Maar in a striped blouse from October 9, 1942, is very closely modeled on Balthus's 1936 portraits of the Vicomtesse de Noailles. The connection is important, since it shows Picasso linking these two dark-haired intellectual muses of the high bohemia of St-Germain-des-Prés.

I'm certain that Rubin is aware of all these connections; they are not totally ignored in the catalog. But I'm not convinced that he sees quite how deeply Picasso is indebted to what he probably regards as the rather conservative work of Balthus and Derain. I doubt that Rubin grasps the larger implication of the connection between that 1942 Dora Maar and Balthus's *Vicomtesse de Noailles,*

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PICASSO'S STUDIO AT 7, RUE DES GRANDS-AUGUSTINS, PARIS C. 1939

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which is that the entire Dora Maar period is in some respects Picasso's response to the great series of portraits of Parisian artists and intellectuals and society figures that Balthus painted in the '30s. Realism in the twentieth century certainly remains more of a novelty for Rubin than it ever was for Picasso, and when evaluating Picasso's work, Rubin is sometimes too easily taken in by the stodgily naturalistic or the tritely antinaturalistic. Perhaps a curator who was more used to looking at Derain, Balthus and Giacometti could have managed a steadier selection from the later years.

Of course everybody is daunted by this confoundingly complicated and downright uneven artist. With Picasso it's not just a question of abstract versus realist or early versus late, but of wild variations within periods and even within particular works. Some of Picasso's most poetically effective canvases—in this show, the *Woman in White*, for example—are structurally unsound. And at his most formally secure, as in many of the still lifes, Picasso could be awfully dull. The Blue and Rose periods are full of vague, inconsistent handling, and have more than their share of bathos masquerading as feeling. There is poor construction in Picasso's Cubist canvases of a kind that's almost unknown in Braque. Although the ratio of good to bad is generally better in the graphic work, there are loads of prints and drawings in which one is hard put to know where the feeling ends and the sentimentality begins. By the '20s these problems were systemic, by the '40s they had reached epidemic proportions, and then came all the ceramics and sculpture, bringing more wonderful highs and ludicrous lows.

We live in a period that's having a nervous breakdown over the idea of quality, and this makes it all the more daunting to contemplate Picasso's titanic unevenness. I understand why some people are fed up with this genius who would do anything, no matter how kitschy or clichéd, in order to keep the public's attention. Yet Picasso's highs—which are related to his wonderful, heedless avidity—can't really be separated from his roller-coaster-ride production. Like it or not, we must accept his tremendously uneven output as signaling some new twist in the creative process. That a lot of people can't tell a good Picasso from a terrible Picasso is confounding. That Picasso himself couldn't always tell the difference is even more disturbing. What I like most about William Rubin's approach is his fearlessness before Picasso's excesses. By delving into some of Picasso's most rawly personal work, Rubin is insisting that we can't really grasp the masterpieces if we overlook the messiness of the imagination.

No other twentieth-century artist so completely compromised his privacy in the service of his art, but then what other major artist wanted to have such a public position? Picasso practically defined the civilian experience of modern war with *Guernica* in 1937, and when the war was over and the photojournalists descended, he proved himself the ultimate master of the modern publicity machine. The man who had begun as a prodigiously gifted child-draftsman in the academies of nineteenth-century Spain appeared in 1958 in *The Private World of Pablo Picasso*, David Douglas Duncan's best-selling picture book, as an indulgent although overaged postwar parent, encouraging his own baby-boom kiddies, Paloma and Claude, to let loose with their Crayolas. The children have grown up. And the intellectuals who were once inclined to regard the Picasso of the '50s as a genius gone to seed have looked again and found that the loopy narratives and autobiographical expressionism of his last twenty years, far from being naïvely antimodern, are nothing less than prophetic.

One of Picasso's favorite mythological figures was the Minotaur, a ferocious cross between man and beast that he

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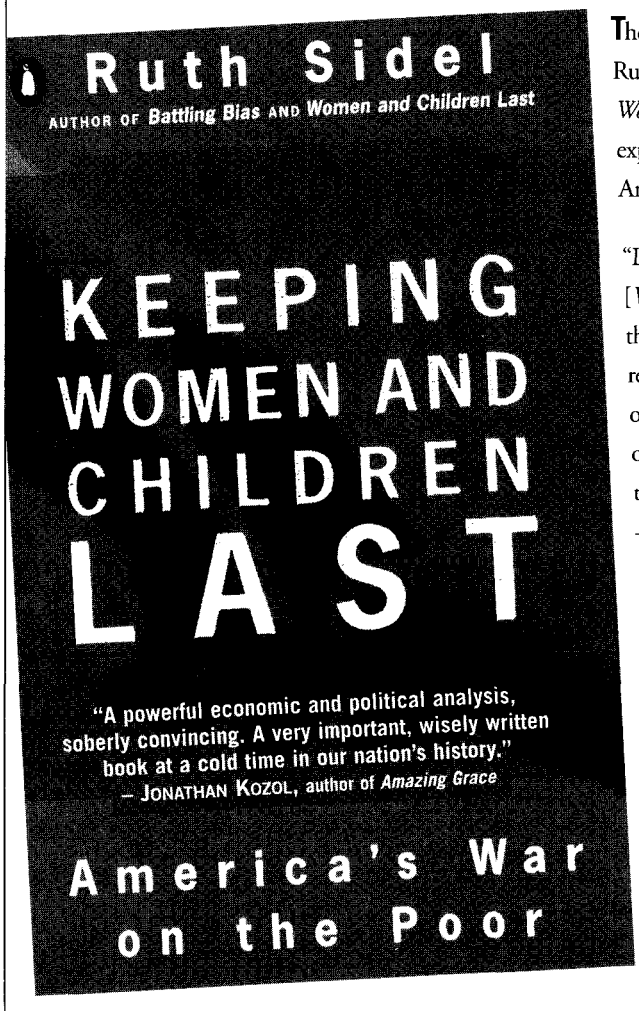
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regarded as a sort of alter ego. Picasso's view of the Minotaur was subtle and multilayered. He obviously identified with the monster's fierce erotic power, but at times he also imagined this classical figure as playful, contemplative, poignant, ambivalent, even displaced. His innumerable depictions of Minotaurs and Minotaur-like creatures are beyond the purview of this show, but by the time you arrive at the last room of "Picasso and Portraiture," where Rubin has gathered together all the self-portraits, it's possible to imagine that the exhibition is the labyrinth, and the artist with the famous almond-shaped eyes is the Minotaur at the heart of the maze. You may be tempted to carry the metaphor a little further, and think of the women depicted in those earlier galleries as victims of this sensitive monster who would crown them with garlands one day and break their hearts the next. And William Rubin, the guide who takes us into the mysteries and then returns us to the daylight, is a sort of Theseus, though without murderous intent.

At "Picasso and Portraiture" biographical facts achieve a mythic fascination, a process that William Rubin, who visited Picasso near the end of his life, must have experienced first-hand. There are a number of twentieth-century artists who surely painted better than Picasso, but no other artist managed to transform himself into a sacred monster. You can choose to ignore that power, but you can't deny it, and William Rubin wants to understand it. Nobody has taken us deeper into the Minotaur's labyrinth than Rubin does in this beautiful, intricate, immensely disquieting show. •

Reed in the Wind

By Nicholas Lemann

Active Faith: How Christians Are Changing the Soul of American Politics by Ralph Reed

(The Free Press, 311 pp., $25)

The Godless Constitution: The Case Against Religious Correctness by Isaac Kramnick and R. Laurence Moore

(W.W. Norton, 191 pp., $22)

Ralph Reed is Pat Robertson's boy, but his new book contains not a trace of such Robertsonian concerns as Armageddon, the Bavarian Illuminati, the Warburgs and the Rothschilds, or, for that matter, God. Rather than propose that the United States become a theocracy, Reed heatedly renounces the idea. He also comes out against mandated school prayer, the abolition of welfare, the abolition of affirmative action, a constitutional amendment banning abortion ("for the near term") and the prohibition of pornography. He copiously criticizes prominent figures on the religious right, especially Jerry Falwell, and apologizes for the evangelical movement's "past insensitivities" to Catholics, Jews and African Americans.

Reed is often accused of disingenuously presenting himself as a safe character when in fact his views and his agenda are the same as Robertson's. He looks precisely like an Upper West Side liberal's idea of a religious zealot from the Bible Belt, with his vanilla pudding face and headlight eyes. Unless he has a rare ability to sustain a false presentation convincingly through an entire book, however, *Active Faith* suggests that he ought to be taken at his word when he says that he is a mainstream figure. What's on Ralph Reed's mind is politics first and religion distantly second.

Reed seems to be using this book to speak not to the foot soldiers of the Christian Coalition, but to the (supposedly) hated cultural elite and liberal news media. As he sets about justifying a position here, trimming a position there, his motive is obvious: it is not to sneak in the Christian-right agenda, it is to maximize the political significance of the Coalition and himself. This doesn't mean the irreligiousness of *Active Faith* ought to reassure people who are worried about the mixing of church and state. Reed's thinking about the issue has the expedient feeling of justification after the fact for a drive to power.

Most members of the Christian Coalition are Pentecostals (like Robertson) or Southern Baptists (like Falwell). Ralph Reed was raised a Methodist, in an atypical venue and class background for members of the religious right: he is the son of an eye surgeon and grew up mostly in Miami. He was born in 1962, and was a political whiz from an early age. In high school he was a Boys State representative, like Bill Clinton. He was chairman of the College Republicans club at the University of Georgia, in which position, he reports, he "built a formidable campus organization." He also founded a national conservative group called Students for America.

Since his book is more apologia than autobiography, it isn't clear from reading it exactly what Reed's moves were after college, but he calls himself a "Republican political operative." In 1983 he had a "faith experience" and began attending an evangelical church; and, in the late '80s, he got a Ph.D. in history from Emory University in Atlanta. (His dissertation topic, not mentioned in his book, was "Fortresses of Faith: Design and Experience at Southern Evangelical Colleges, 1830-1900".) His belief seems sincere, though his conversion to fundamentalism did occur after it had already emerged as a powerful force in the Republican Party. Why he temporarily withdrew from the political field to academia is a bit of a mystery.

In January, 1988, Reed had what he calls "an epiphany," not a religious one, at a Republican precinct caucus in his suburban Atlanta neighborhood. He and his wife had gone to the caucus as supporters of Jack Kemp for president: more than four years after his religious conversion, and only one year before the founding of the Christian Coalition, Reed was an enthusiast for the most economics-oriented, least moralizing candidate in the Republican presidential race. The Reeds "stepped into a hall packed with charismatic Christians and fundamentalist evangelists" who had been tightly organized to deliver the caucus for Pat Robertson. And then:

> As I walked back to my car after the meeting, my head was swimming with ideas.... My candidate had been trounced, but I was nevertheless euphoric about the outcome. Why? Because my own dream of bringing religious values and conservative principles back into the political arena after two generations of liberal dominance seemed possible for the first time. I had seen the beginning of a new political era in that

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Georgia courthouse.... Millions of conservative religious people were coming of age politically, and all they needed was guidance and direction.

Soon afterward, Reed went to New Hampshire during the primary campaign, and there he met Pat Robertson. They met again at the Bush inauguration and had a long talk, during which Reed says that he suggested to Robertson that evangelicals take a more conciliatory approach toward the traditional elements in the Republican Party, "trying to gain influence without casting aside GOP officials and longtime activists." In September 1989, Robertson hired Reed to form the Christian Coalition. This entire history makes Reed look awfully like a non-evangelical Republican who saw in Robertson a good career opportunity, and took it.

What Reed had realized was that fundamentalist Christians were potentially the best constituency group in American politics. They were relatively easy to organize, since they already belonged to churches and other organizations; and they had a high level of discontent with the state of the country, which gave them a strong motivation to become involved in political activity. In particular, Reed writes, "the religious conservative movement was the only hope to build a Republican Party in the South." In his view, the reason the religious right had not yet achieved its political potential was that it had been run by clergymen rather than by experienced pros such as himself.

Falwell's Moral Majority, the precursor organization to the Christian Coalition, was a hollow shell, in Reed's account, with no real membership or organization, highly vulnerable to being unmasked by the press as an emperor with no clothes. It was also politically naïve in the extreme, something that Ralph Reed is not. The Moral Majority put into office America's first divorced president, Ronald Reagan, and got nothing in return except friendly phone hookups at right-to-life rallies. Given the weaknesses to which big-time evangelists are notoriously prone, the movement was constantly at risk of being discredited by the sexual and financial excesses of some of its celebrated figures, such as Jimmy Swaggart and Jim Bakker. Reed wanted to replace men of the cloth at the operational helm with "the very best legislative tacticians I could find, preferably with strong credentials outside the narrow confines of the religious conservative movement."

The Christian Coalition concentrated on creating the kind of network of local organizations that the Moral Majority never had. Reed says that the Coalition now has 1.7 million members in 2,000 local chapters—the long-term goal is to have a presence in every precinct in America—and that it is "the best organized constituency in American politics." Reed and his allies have been adept at the political uses of fax machines, telemarketing techniques, cable television, talk radio and computer bulletin boards. The Christian Coalition's signature tactic is unloosing an avalanche of grassroots protest upon the offices of members of Congress. In 1994, for example, a congressman attached an amendment to an education bill requiring that all teachers be state-certified. This deeply alarmed the home-schooling movement, an important element of the Christian right. "Within seventy-two hours an estimated total of 200,000 activists had been notified," according to Reed, and "they lit up the Capitol switchboard like a pinball machine." The amendment failed in the House of Representatives by a vote of 424 to 1. This year, when Bob Dole was staggering after the Iowa caucuses and the New Hampshire primary, the Christian Coalition was crucial in helping him beat Pat Buchanan in South Carolina. Now Reed has a big chit to call in.

The proper way to think of Reed is as the present-day equivalent of the boss of a political machine. He occupies a place in the Republican Party equivalent to the place that George Meany or Richard J. Daley occupied in the Democratic Party circa 1960—he's the guy who can deliver the most votes (40 percent of the base Republican vote, he says), and as a result no presidential candidate can afford to ignore him. Reed plainly loves this role. His prose hums with energy when he describes all the leading Republicans paying court to him, or the electrifying effect that he and his supporters have on big party gatherings, or his canny, high-status backroom dealings.

He calls on Ross Perot, whom he regards as a tempting ally because Perot controls the second-biggest voting bloc after Reed, and says, in the manner of a character in an Oliver Stone movie, "What is the endgame, Ross?" He is summoned to the House-Senate conference on the immense telecommunications bill because the Christian Coalition has been able to hold the whole thing up over its objections to immoral programming; he quickly gets the bill on track, and then "I thanked the members for their time, we shook hands, and I bolted for the door. I ran across the Capitol grounds at breakneck speed and jumped into a waiting car, which squealed out of

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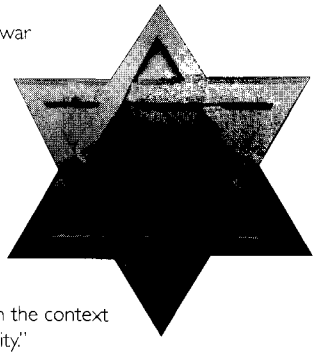

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the parking lot and headed for the television studio." He enjoys being paid the tribute of courtesy calls:

> ... one afternoon while I was getting my hair cut, my cellular phone rang. As the hairdresser snipped her stainless steel scissors around the phone that was glued to my ear, Scott [Reed—no relation] told me that he had just accepted the job as Dole's campaign manager. I congratulated him and hung up.
>
> "Dole is halfway to the nomination. Anyone smart enough to hire Scott Reed could go all the way," I said to no one in particular.

What Reed fears most is being marginalized. He doesn't want to be taken for granted or regarded as someone who makes impractical, preening demands, in the manner of Jesse Jackson. Therefore he constantly emphasizes that he is an inside player who appreciates political realities and is willing to negotiate. (Hence the Christian Coalition's willingness to give ground on the "cyberporn" provisions of the telecommunications bill.) For the same reason he insists, implausibly, that the Coalition is nonpartisan, not Republican. His account of the Coalition's founding makes it clear that its purpose was precisely to be an interest group within the Republican Party, but Reed is trying to dispel the impression that his people are going to vote Republican no matter what. He does not want big-time Republican politicians to take his constituency, and therefore him, for granted.

RALPH REED BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Purely in practical terms, there are two potential difficulties facing Reed, both of which can be made vivid by thinking of the example of Meany's successor at the AFL-CIO, Lane Kirkland. First, Reed's power is a function of the size and the efficiency of his organization. It is hard work to maintain a national network of precinct organizations, and if the Christian Coalition begins losing members Reed will begin losing influence, no matter how much it appears that everyone really values his advice. Second, there is a mismatch between the natural agenda of the membership and the issues on which its leader can be most influential in Washington. Kirkland was more interested in foreign policy than in lunch-bucket economic issues, which gained status for him in Washington and lost status for him in Sandusky.

For Reed, the problem is even more delicate. Although he insists that his members are mostly middle-class and college-educated, not "bigoted hillbillies and anti-Semitic rednecks rising from the swamps and backwoods," it is still the case that they are people who feel that a profound moral rot is eating away at American society. The political issues that address this conviction aren't the ones that rivet the attention of cloakroom Washington. The Christian Coalition's inaugural cause was the National Endowment for the Arts's funding of a Robert Mapplethorpe exhibition. For Reed to push the likes of this and home schooling would make him, in the mind of Washington, a crank—an important crank, but a crank. Thus he has consistently moderated his stands on the social issues and gotten the Coalition involved in matters that fall within the purview of the Ways and Means and Finance and Budget Committees, the consequential people in town.

When Newt Gingrich was drawing up the Contract with America, Reed agreed to put his organization strongly behind it, even though there was no mention of abortion or other social issues. In the short run, this was a smart decision—the impression that Reed was the man responsible for the Republicans' getting control of Congress in 1994 was what made him a magazine-cover celebrity—but one wonders how long the Coalition's members, who have been pumped up with the social-issue message in church, on television and through the mail for years, will accept the trade of no action on the causes they care about most in exchange for more influence generally.

Given Reed's personal history, the suspicion arises that while he may be sincerely conservative and religious, he isn't a leader mystically at one with his flock. It is an expedient relationship on both sides. At one point Reed, by way of demonstrating independence and toughness under fire, quotes a former Moral Majority official accusing the Christian Coalition of being "a slave to public opinion polls." The accusation has a sting to it, since Reed, by his own admission, conducts polls and focus groups that help to determine his political strategy. A poll of evangelical voters that the Christian Coalition commissioned in 1993 produced the "startling revelation" that they cared more about economic issues than social issues; this finding provided the backdrop to Reed's decision in 1994 to drop the social issues temporarily in favor of "a deep tax cut for families."

During the tax-cut campaign, Reed ran afoul of Representative John Kasich, a deficit hawk, who told him, "All you want is goodies for your constituency just like everybody else around here!" (Reed adds this hilarious foray into ethnic humor: "In a later meeting, he turned to Marshall, our Jewish lobbyist, and tongue-in-cheek called us 'greedy Christians' for pushing a tax cut.") Reed, in turn, portrays Kasich as being overly influenced by "propeller-heads and policy

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wonks." These words appear on page 167 of *Active Faith*. By page 171, however, Reed is not only supporting deficit reduction, he is claiming divine justification for it: "The biblical principle of chronic debt leading to financial bondage ... led us to favor a balanced budget and lower deficits." And soon he is trying to forge a strategic alliance with Ross Perot, even though "Perot supporters are secular, attend church infrequently, and care little about abortion and school prayer." Why? "When the Perot and religious conservative constituencies back the same candidates ... the result is a tidal wave of historic proportions."

Reed refers often enough to the "radical left," the "cultural elite" and "special interests" to demonstrate that whatever convenient adaptation of positions supposedly derived from moral absolutes he may engage in, he's on the Right side. He is intensely sensitive, surely more sensitive than Robertson, to criticism from the liberal press, and he's quite good at spotting the sanctimoniousness in the condemnations of him and the condescension in discussions of his membership. (Reed puts a lot of effort into a conciliatory speech before the Anti-Defamation League and then reports that "Frank Rich, former theater critic for *The New York Times*, dismissively snarled, 'Add five words ('Today I am a man'), and Mr. Reed's oration would be a credit to any bar mitzvah.' ") In the daily press of business, he must tell himself that whatever he does is merely in the service of toppling the hated liberal establishment; but in *Active Faith* he's up to something much more ambitious. He wants to provide a fully thought-out historical and intellectual justification of the Christian Coalition's strategy.

It is noteworthy and admirable that Reed would undertake this. Most political pros at his level couldn't, and wouldn't want to. His thesis is this: the Christian Coalition, rather than representing a threatening and unprecedented incursion of religious people into politics, is part of a long, honorable tradition of "religious impulses borne out in practical politics." Reed provides lots of examples of religious movements that became politically involved and political leaders who expressed religious sentiments. Four precedents seem to be most on his mind: the temperance movement, the Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC), William Jennings Bryan and the emergence of the Catholic vote as the base of the Democratic Party during the 1920s and 1930s. The drys and Bryan he admires but regards as negative role models—they lost, Bryan because he had an "inward-turning, backward-looking economic agenda," the prohibitionists because they were "dogmatic" and thought government could effectively regulate private morality. It is Martin Luther King Jr. and the Democratic-Catholic nexus, both successes, with whom Reed would most like to identify himself.

Isaac Kramnick and Laurence Moore's useful book, *The Godless Constitution*, was written precisely to refute Reed's and Robertson's view of the history of religion and politics in America. Reed has outrun the posse, to some extent, by backing away from some of his earlier statements about Christians taking back America that Kramnick and Moore have put their effort into disproving. Kramnick and Moore remind us that it took a great struggle for the framers of the Constitution and other early American figures to create a nation in which there was no religious test for office-holding. Pre-constitutional America, especially the Massachusetts Bay Colony, was meant to be a "Christian Commonwealth," in which only Christians could vote and ministers' salaries were paid out of tax revenue. The "religious liberty" that the Puritans came here to find really meant, as Kramnick and Moore remind us, "the liberty to practice religion as they saw fit and to penalize anyone who disagreed with them." For the Constitution not to mention religion at all represented a rejection of this tradition—an extremely controversial decision *not* to make the United States a Christian nation. It wasn't contemporary liberals who upset the founders' religious ideas about the United States, it was the founders who upset the Puritans' ideas.

Kramnick and Moore realize that Reed hasn't made any public statements of the Christian-nation variety lately. (The same cannot be said about Robertson.) Instead they criticize him for the degree to which he has secularized the Christian Coalition's operations:

> If restrictions on abortion won't fly, then attack welfare spending. If prayer in the school doesn't appeal to enough conservative voters, then argue that increased spending for the military is Christian. If you sense that no one will vote for legislation to make divorce more difficult, and certainly not leading Republican men, then link high taxes to moral decline.
>
> Religious fundamentalists are not necessarily happy with this sort of politics. Many of them suspect that Ralph Reed's leadership of the Christian Coalition has let the organization become the tool of the conservative wing of the Republican Party that has no burning interest in its moral agenda.

Reed would like to use the example of his chosen forebears to defend such activities, but the comparisons aren't nearly as precise as he'd like them to be. (Reed's intellectualism is generally more showy than deep; he calls a Hobson's choice a "Hobbesian choice.") King's movement, like the Christian Coalition, was based in churches, was explicitly Christian, and actively sought changes in government policy. In its heyday, however, almost all of its members weren't permitted to vote, so the Christian Coalition's main techniques, turning out the troops in elections and flooding Congress with constituent protests, were unavailable to it. The SCLC was founded to push through a single goal, civil rights for blacks. The Christian Coalition, by Reed's account, was founded to maximize the broad political power of fundamentalist Christians. The SCLC won on its main issue; the Christian Coalition has traded away action on its most useful causes, such as abortion, school prayer and pornography, for more influence generally. When King's interests broadened, he lost political importance—just the opposite of the situation with Reed. King followed his convictions and became a socialist, but Reed has moderated himself to gain power.

In the case of the Democrats and the Catholics, Reed comes very close to presenting Franklin Roosevelt as an essentially religious leader, in a way that's almost comically tendentious:

> On the day he boarded the train that would take him to Washington for his inaugural, he requested the company of James A. Farley, a man known to him as having "a great and simple religious faith," who would soon be considered one of the country's most skillful political forecasters. The two men talked not of the grave economic crisis that threatened to rend the nation, but of the determinative effect of faith in God. More important than any planned political approach to the solution of the present political crisis was a great people's religious faith, Roosevelt said ... he would launch the New Deal with a prayer.

This makes it look as if the Democrats achieved their success by making themselves into a religious party: "Without the treatment of labor politics as part of one's religion, the Democratic Party could never have gained the votes of millions of Catholics, which made it a majority party." More recently, according to Reed, the Democrats turned against religion and thereby lost their power—but this, too, is a stretch. Lyndon Johnson and Jimmy Carter and Bill Clinton all did the things that Reed uses as evidence for Franklin Roosevelt's allegedly unique religiosity, such as attend church before being sworn in and invoke God in their

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inaugural addresses. (As Kramnick and Moore observe, it remains inconceivable that anyone but a professing Christian could be elected president of the United States.)

Reed does have a valid historical argument about the legitimacy of political involvement by religious groups, but there is a disjunction between the logic of his position and what the Christian Coalition really does. The tradition to which the Christian Coalition plausibly belongs is one of church-based citizens' groups pressuring the political system, from the outside, for reforms that arise from their religious beliefs. That's what the SCLC did: it was always a group lobbying government, never an inside player within government. In the case of the Christian Coalition, the inside-outside distinction is particularly important, for what seems to be its members' true cause is a profound objection to the state of American culture, and there is a limit to what government can do to correct this problem.

In *Active Faith*, Reed repeatedly says that cultural issues are more important to the Christian Coalition than economic issues, and that moral reform is more important than political reform. "[T]hough it may come as a surprise to some," he writes, "I believe there are strict limits to what politics can accomplish. In many cases our best agenda may not be a political agenda at all." And: "What America needs is not political revolution but spiritual renewal." And: " ... cultural change is more important than political victory in changing behavior in a free and democratic society." If that is the case, then the Coalition might plausibly push the government for certain highly particular reforms, along the lines of its original agenda of de-funding Robert Mapplethorpe exhibits, and put its main energies into non-political activity aimed at influencing the culture, such as Christian broadcasting. This would be consistent with the tradition of religious activism that Reed lays out and wants to be considered a part of. (Indeed, with evangelical church membership skyrocketing as voter participation declines, the Coalition ought to be happier with the state of America.)

Instead the Coalition is behaving like a political machine or even a political party—something the SCLC and the temperance movement never did. In one of his moments of intellectual consistency and attunement to his membership, Reed writes that "there is no economic solution to this moral chaos—it is a collection of moral problems that require moral solutions," but in his Washington-pol mode Reed has shifted the Coalition's focus to economic issues and to exercising as much influence as possible on government across a wide range of issues. This really is new territory for a religious organization, and what is disturbing about Reed is that the allure of his role seems to have obliterated any awareness he may have of the distinction between religious reformism and religious governance.

In his eagerness to justify what he loves doing, Reed sometimes misrepresents political phenomena of the past, such as Bryan populism and the New Deal, as having been essentially religious when they were not. At other times he blithely contradicts himself. On page 279 he writes, reassuringly, "The truth is that we eschew political power." But on page 249 there is this:

> [Religious conservatives] must do more than "send a message" to the elites and party leaders. They must win elections. They must govern. They must pull the levers of government and turn the wheels of the larger society for the good of the nation. Politically, people of faith have come of age. They must act the part.

Reed's objective in *Active Faith* is to be comforting, by showing how moderate his positions are, how willing to compromise he is. In fact, his book is alarming, since it demonstrates that in his mind there is no bright-line difference between church-based groups seeking political redress of grievances and the operating of the government along religious lines. Ralph Reed is very good at exercising political power and he is likely to do whatever he can to exercise as much of it as possible. Abstract principles about the proper relation of religion and government are obviously not his uppermost concern, or he wouldn't be so muddled and contradictory in discussing them. The lesson to be drawn from his book is that Reed can be counted on to try to increase his influence, but society should by no means entrust him with the task of determining how much influence he ought to have.

NICHOLAS LEMANN is national correspondent of *The Atlantic Monthly*.

Mitla

Mistresses of what is here and left forgotten
the ants spill back
over the still spaces
dragging lumps of life
toward the shadow world

Unperturbed by wind or time
casting no shadow on the sandy ground
the squalid gentlemen of death
are engraved against the horizon
faintly vampire-like on their spread wings

Between the broken crags that one day will cease to be
above the age-old cypress that will topple one day
leaving not the faintest trace of the extinct gods
or their strict priest who grew into the mist
I look upon a sun that is dying.

Bound for the other world
the slow shadows glide low
along the sparse trails of Monte Alban
pass through walls and bodies
with their shivering cold

On the cracked platform at the tombside
a shriveled priest in a fretworked shirt
unleashes his shade into the dust
and with one skinny finger
traces the shape of shattered constellations

HOMERO ARIDJIS

translated from the Spanish by George McWhirter

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The Return of the Natives

BY RICHARD WHITE

Killing the White Man's Indian: Reinventing Native Americans at the End of the Twentieth Century by Fergus M. Bordewich

(Doubleday, 400 pp., $27.50)

Where White Men Fear to Tread: The Autobiography of Russell Means by Russell Means with Marvin J. Wolf

(St. Martin's, 573 pp., $26.95)

Fergus Bordewich is a white man out to kill the white man's Indian. Russell Means may very well be the white man's Indian. The collision of their two books is useful, since it illuminates how tangled and important relations between Indians and whites continue to be in this country.

For several centuries, white Americans have created the white man's Indian. They have represented Indian peoples as noble savages whose virtues are the opposite of their own vices, or as ignoble savages whose vices are the opposite of their own virtues. Indians are nothing if not versatile: whites can use Indians to criticize American society, and they can use Indians to praise it. Where whites are civilized, Indians are primitive. Where whites are materialist, Indians are spiritual. The unadmirable qualities of Indians can make whites feel good about themselves. The admirable qualities of Indians can make whites feel bad about themselves. And so, culturally speaking, Indians are useful to have around. These white man's Indians, of course, tell us more about white Americans than about Indians.

If myth and reality lay behind separate doors, Fergus Bordewich's attempt to find "real Indians" would be a lot easier. But separating Indians from their representations is no easier than dividing Indians from whites in the larger society that they share, unequally. Indians reject white representations, but just as often they assume them, consciously or unconsciously, and use them for their own purposes. Consider Russell Means. He is certainly a real Indian. As a leader of AIM—the American Indian Movement, best known for its role in the seizure of Wounded Knee in 1973—and a Hollywood actor, he has been a very public Indian. But he is also, though he would surely deny it, a white man's Indian. On the screen and off, he inhabits and plays off the classic white representations of Indians. *Where White Men Fear to Tread* is his autobiography, and it can be read not least as a classic text of the white man's Indian. For Means, Indians are spiritual and attuned to Grandmother Earth. Whites—or their designated hitters, "Eurocentric male linear thinkers"—are the opposite of Indians. Means locates real Indians in the past and, he hopes, in the future; whites get the present. Real Indians, according to Means, are traditional, even if only a few elders now keep the traditions alive.

Bordewich and Means read the events of the last thirty years in Indian country in much the same way that white and black Americans interpreted the Simpson trial. They agree that something important happened; they disagree on what that was, and on what it means. For Means, Indian reservations are still "concentration camps" and tribal governments are "banana republics" staffed by corrupt stooges of the federal government. Bordewich, by contrast, wants no part of this "worn-out theology of Indians as losers and victims." He argues that there has occurred a little-noticed revolution in Indian country. Under the guidance of talented tribal leaders, Indians are shaping their own destiny, and the tribes are becoming a power to be recognized. Bordewich does not think that this success is unalloyed. Daunting social problems and poverty remain. Ethnic chauvinism, a confusion of independence with isolation, a "chronic habit of interpreting present-day reality through

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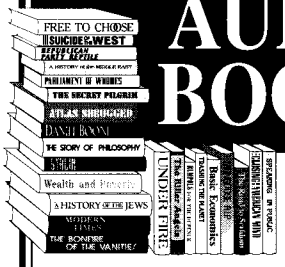

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the warping lens of the past": all present obstacles to solving the problems of Indian country. Still, the situation of the Indians in America has significantly changed, and largely for the better.

Means and Bordewich are both urban kids from the coasts who in the 1950s spent part of their summers on Indian reservations in the Dakotas. Means, who grew up on the West Coast, came back to see family. Bordewich, who grew up on the East Coast, followed his mother, the executive director of the Association on American Indian Affairs, on her summer tours; she went west to help defeat "termination," as the congressional attempt to deny federal services and federal recognition to the tribes was called. In an odd way, each man fulfills the other's title. Just as Means could serve as a living model of the white man's Indian, Bordewich is the white man who would fear to tread in the world that Means would like Indians to create.

Like many nineteenth-century Indian autobiographies, Means's book is an as-told-to account. His collaborator, Marvin Wolf, organized the book from interviews with Means and gathered other material from newspapers, court files and interviews with the lawyers who defended Means during the AIM years. The result is a book that is easy to ridicule. It is opinionated, contradictory, wordy, sometimes tedious, goofy. It is full of some rather astonishing versions of historical events. Means maintains, for example, that it is a Eurocentric lie that Aztecs sacrificed captives by ripping their hearts out: they had secret drugs, he says, and were actually practicing open heart surgery.

And yet Means's book reveals quite a bit about the complexity of being Indian in the late twentieth century, and even more about the tortuous relations of Indians and whites. For most of his adult life, Means has made his living by being an Indian: first, as a rather ersatz client of the federal relocation program for reservation Indians, then as the head of the Cleveland Indian Center, then as a leader of AIM, and finally as a professional actor who literally plays Indians. Indeed, his memoir sometimes reads like a cross between *Little Big Man* and *Zelig*. Means usefully reflects the changes in Indian country. He appears alongside important figures and takes his place in important events. As cultural styles change, so does Means.

As with many autobiographies, it is best to read the last chapters first. Autobiographies turn a life into a story; events are arranged to explain how the person who exists at the time of the writing came to be. And when someone has gone through as many changes as Means, it is best to check the destination. Means's story is about therapy. Its culmination comes when Means checks into Cottonwood de Tucson, "one of America's finest treatment centers," where he goes to "cool the rage simmering within me." The key to a better world, he realizes, is "feelings and relationships." His past and his future come into focus. "With honesty and therapy," he declares, "my people can be made whole again." He dreams of a treatment center on Pine Ridge, where therapy will be based on his people's traditional values. There he will help them overcome what he regards as one of their central problems: "they think they don't deserve success, so each time they create circumstances to fail."

This is a quintessential late twentieth-century salvation story, whose form, if not its content, is Christian. Means has two transformative experiences. AIM ministers the first. After joining AIM in 1969, he felt "truly empowered" for the first time in his life. He became a "full-time Indian." His therapy provided the second. It helped reveal that his life has been "a series of teachings designed to put me on a spiritual path." And Means's salvation story is also a jeremiad, a call to chosen but fallen Indian peoples to return to their true ways.

Needless to say, the salvation story and the jeremiad are old forms beloved of generations of "Eurocentric male linear thinkers"; but Means gives them a modern, cinematic touch. He has reversed the more common late twentieth-century trajectory: he is a politician turned actor. But he shares with actors turned politicians the impulse to erase the boundaries between life and the movies. He frames his life as a movie plot. Means's parents were part of the post-World War II exodus off of the reservations and into urban America. Means grew up largely in the Bay Area, among non-Indians. In his early chapters, he casts himself as an Indian James Dean in *Rebel Without A Cause*. He hates (and feels guilty about hating) his mother, and he resents his weak and too often absent father. He becomes a delinquent and later a drug dealer. He moves to southern California.

In the best chapters of the book, Means recreates Indian L.A. in the late '50s and '60s, when the relocation program of the Bureau of Indian Affairs was moving, often with disastrous results, roughly 33,000 rural Indians into urban centers. Means hates the BIA with a passion probably not seen since Carlos Montezuma, the Yavapais Indian who launched his campaign against the bureau early in the century. (*Wassaja*, Montezuma's newspaper, had as its goal the abolition of the BIA.) The BIA has recruited some very talented people, but it is an easy target. Without much doubt, it is one of the most corrupt and ineffective agencies in the American government. It was corrupt and ineffective when it was staffed by whites and it is that way now that an Indian preference hiring policy (one of Bordewich's *bêtes noires*) has staffed it largely with Indians. It is an agency that many Indians hate but could not live without, for it remains a vital conduit of federal services.

Since Means's diatribes against the bureau are so unambivalent, they fail to capture the complicated opinions of the bureau that prevail in Indian country. That the bureau has been a poor trustee does not mean that the tribes do not have need of an agency to protect their trust relationship with the United States. Means's account of his life in Los Angeles reveals the combination of need and exploitation that typifies the relations of Indians and the bureau. In Los Angeles, the relocation program demeaned and mistreated Indians; it also created opportunities for Means and others to get federal money and scam free transportation. At one point, while collecting unemployment insurance, Means actually moved from Los Angeles to Pine Ridge in order to get relocated back to Los Angeles and collect money for job training. It is also in Los Angeles that Means began his nearly lifelong pattern of marriage and divorce and fathering and neglecting children. (He eventually left the city to avoid paying child support.)

In Los Angeles, Means was, among other things, a mugger and a hustler, and in San Francisco, where he moved next, he remained a hustler. Hustling sharpened his appreciation of the free market: "buyer beware." By the late '60s, Means, who had remarried and relocated in Cleveland, had joined AIM and was becoming a leading force in Indian politics. He was, with Dennis Banks, the quintessential Indian radical, seeking to meld younger urban Indians and older Indians into a working political alliance.

Means took part in the AIM seizure of the bureau in Washington, D.C. in 1972 and in the siege at Wounded Knee a year later. He symbolized the AIMsters' (as he calls them) mix of partying, violence, dedication to older Indian religious traditions and canny media politics. Means rarely recounts a political incident without commenting on the coverage that it received. And AIM was always good press. His assessment of the siege at Wounded Knee was all representation:

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"What Wounded Knee told the world was that John Wayne hadn't killed us all.... Suddenly billions of people knew we were still alive, still resisting."

Before AIM became consumed by internal rivalries, by drink, by its lack of a clear political base, by its own violence and by the violence that the government directed against it, it had its moments. In retrospect, however, these now seem largely media moments. AIMsters were always best at representational politics, at identity politics. AIM played for the camera. It had a sense of drama and a sense of humor. Confronted with riot police and police dogs, the AIMsters brought their own dogs—females in heat—and relished the ensuing chaos. The judge at Means's and Banks's trial for their actions at Wounded Knee demanded that elders cease coming to the courtroom dressed in "traditional finery," that Indians in his courtroom wear proper clothes. Severt Young Bear, who was serving as interpreter for the old people at the trial, rose and said, "Judge, I wouldn't talk like that if I wore a black dress to work." (The elders got to wear what they liked.)

AIM got into the papers, but its enemies got into office. When Means ran for president of the Oglala Lakota at Pine Ridge in 1974, Dick Wilson, the sitting Oglala president and a bitter enemy of AIM, counted Means out and stole the tribal election. After the siege at Wounded Knee, murderous violence, unimpeded and probably abetted by the FBI, turned that reservation into a little El Salvador. In the '80s, as AIM fell apart, Means moved deeper into cultural politics, seeking to reclaim older Lakota traditions and the Black Hills. Politically, he also moved steadily to the right, although such labels conceal more than they reveal about his idiosyncratic politics. He cooperated with Larry Flynt of *Hustler* in a quixotic campaign for the Republican presidential nomination. He moved into Libertarian politics in a race for that party's presidential nomination. His support of the Miskito Indians and his opposition to the Sandinistas divided what was left of AIM. He collaborated with the Moonies and their Unification Church, who sponsored one of his speaking tours in the 1980s.

The radical, in sum, became an entrepreneur of the Reagan era. He parlayed Libertarian contacts (and those he acquired through a New Age channeller of ancient Indians) into a series of business ventures. Tribal governments refused to back any of his schemes. All the while he continued to marry, father children, divorce. In the '90s, he became an actor. Tim Giago, one of Means's critics in Indian country, greeted Means's recent praise of the authenticity of *Pocahontas*, the Disney movie in which Means provided the chief's voice, by saying that a lot of Indians thought Means had always been an actor. The final chapters are sprinkled with compliments to the various "beautiful human being[s]" and geniuses who populate Hollywood.

Throughout this long and varied account, Means, in the afterglow of his therapy, makes his own faults the coin of his honesty. He thinks that his faults are extenuated by his bravery in confessing them. So it is that he can indulge such an impressive array of shortcomings and still maintain such an exalted opinion of himself. The Great Mystery has special plans for him, he assures the reader, and protects him over the course of his life. He may even be, or so he says people say, the reincarnation of Crazy Horse. Fortunately for the book, remnants of the pre-therapy Means are never fully excised from the account. For any readers who feel disarmed enough by Means's therapeutic honesty to believe his version of events, there is the earlier, rougher Means to remind the reader that he has been (and still may be) a liar, a hustler and a scam artist. The therapeutic honesty of the book may itself be a hustle.

Means has a talent for resonating with the times. He once had Indian politics reverberate with the left, but now he plays to the right, and to New Age sensibilities. This is Means on race: "I thought of the words of my Uncle Matthew King—'It's all in the blood.' ... Golden eagles do not mate with bald eagles; our relatives follow the original instructions given them by the Great Mystery. If we have respect for life, we must make sure future generations will enter a world at least as strong as ours was when we came into it." This is Means on the new reservation economy: "Everyone would be free—free to be responsible for themselves. With no more government handouts, people would have to rely on their own brains, their own energy, and their own heritage to put food on their tables and roofs over their heads.... The parasites, addicted to welfare payments or make-work jobs, surplus food commodities, and other handouts, would leave. We would all be better off." This is Means on tribal governments: "incompetence and selfishness and downright stupidity ... [they] rejected and defeated attempts [i.e. by Means and his partners] to put them on the path to independent economic development." Means has discovered that the Libertarian Party in particular and right-wing Republicans in general ("their view of economics in our present world is really on the right path") echo "the principles of my culture." Restrictions on private enterprise, public land policies, government schools, government control over "nearly every aspect of people's lives," are turning "the whole country into one huge Indian reservation."

It is precisely this elaborate and opportunistic series of representations that Fergus Bordewich wishes to strip away, in order to reveal a clearer world of "real" Indians. Bordewich is addressing whites who have had no experience of Indians and Indian life, people who see "relations between Indians and whites as an unending morality play of predators and victims, of evil and innocence despoiled." When Indians step out of such stereotypes, he observes, whites "too often see nothing at all." He believes that neither whites nor Indians can any longer afford either the stereotypes or the blindness to modern Indians. The entire nation is "confronted by hundreds of revitalized Indian tribes," and these tribes are making demands that can "no longer be ignored with impunity." Bordewich proposes himself as a guide to Indian country. He explains and evaluates tribal demands, analyzing their origins and their merits, and suggests resolutions. This is a reforming book, with a long tradition behind it. Helen Hunt Jackson, George Manypenny and other nineteenth-century friends of the Indians wrote such books.

Bordewich does not back off from difficult and controversial issues. He discusses identity, culture, tradition, sovereignty. Perhaps none of these matters is as difficult as the matter of identity. Who is an Indian? What is a tribe? Where is Indian country? Bordewich's bluff desire to deal with Indians as people of the twentieth century, and not simply as a set of white representations, is commendable; but it inhibits his ability to see them as a complicated mixture of both. As in the old Wild West shows or in the movies, real Indians sometimes also play Indians. This is a complexity that Bordewich recognizes, but largely dismisses. The tools that he brings to his task are journalistic—the vignette, the interview, the historical sketch—and they are not always up to the task.

In treating identity, Bordewich provides a vignette of the Lumbees, a group of mixed black, white and Indian ancestry that is unrecognized as a tribe by the federal government. The predicament of the Lumbees makes concrete the difficulty of determining who is an Indian, and of demonstrating what is at stake. There are various ways of defining who is

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an Indian. By some definitions of Indian identity, the Lumbees qualify; by others, they do not. In the Census, any people who want to call themselves Indians can be counted as Indians. These "check-offs" (as they are sometimes called) total 1.8 million. In addition, the federal government has several criteria to determine eligibility for Indian programs. The definition often varies from program to program. It is perfectly possible to be Indian for one program and a non-Indian for another.

The Lumbees have found that people can be Indians by some definitions and still not be an Indian according to the most fundamental definition: membership in a tribe. Most tribes exist by virtue of their treaty relations with the United States. Each tribe is in charge of its members. In some tribes, requirements for membership are stringent. In other tribes, as detractors in Indian country put it, you can enroll with a form on the back of a matchbook cover. At this time, tribes are the anchor of legal identity as an Indian; but the Indian policy of the government has ironically made tribes more important than they have ever been in Indian history.

Means is scornful of "anthros" and "histos," his shorthand for anthropologists and historians; but Bordewich respects and effectively uses much current scholarship that depicts tribes as historical creations rather than as remnants of aboriginal social groups. For many tribes are made and unmade and remade again. They are not a simple, immutable conduit to a pre-white identity. Since tribes can decide their own membership without appeal to American courts, there are numerous instances, which Bordewich cites, of political manipulation of the rolls to consign people who were once tribal Indians into the netherworld between Indians and non-Indians.

To escape the paradoxes of legal definitions, some people retreat to culture or race. In such construals of identity, Indians are those who are part of Indian cultures; but because these cultures are diverse, changing and contested, this is less a solution than a new set of problems. All of this is, as Bob and Ray used to say, a fine kettle of fish, but it is race that heats up the kettle, and in it Bordewich eventually stews. He recognizes a political and cultural identity that does not necessarily coincide with a racial identity. He seems sometimes to attack the tyranny of blood. He says that the Lumbees show that "true tribal identity may reside less in the buried secrets of seventeenth-century bloodlines than in the very process of cultural change and reinvention that has been the defining experience of their community for more than two centuries." But this is late twentieth-century America, where race matters; and although Bordewich ridicules the objectification of race as expressed in quantitative measurements of blood (as in "½ Cherokee"), and warns against the dangers of racial designations, Bordewich, too, indulges in a mystique of race and treats it as if it can be unproblematically measured. He says, for example, that in 1910 more than half of the nation's 265,683 Indians were fullbloods. Well, yes, they were fullbloods because the Census takers said they were fullbloods. In fact, the criteria for "blood" were often acculturation, education and the ability to use English. Today, he says, many tribes contain no fullbloods at all. Well, yes, but many tribes are small communities. A hypothetical Puget Sound Indian whose mother is a "fullblood" Nisqually and whose father is a "fullblood" Puyallup is neither a fullblood Nisqually nor a full-blood Puyallup. By such a definition, indeed, few Nisquallys or Puyallups have ever been fullbloods, whatever that really means.

The blood that most interests Bordewich is the non-Indian blood that appears through intermarriage. The Lumbees notwithstanding, he sometimes seems to see too much of this blood as a bar to Indian identity. He cites the statistic that 50 percent of Indians are married to non-Indians. But such a statistic is not very revealing, since it comes from the Census in which anyone who wishes to be an Indian is considered an Indian. It is not surprising, moreover, that most self-identified Indians are married to non-Indians. This could be fixed by having the spouses become check-offs, too, and then all Indians could be married to Indians.

But even granting that many Indians will have a majority of non-Indians for ancestors, does this mean that they are not Indians? Bordewich seems to be of two minds. He argues that ethnographically it would be ridiculous for someone who was ⅛ Italian by descent to be an Italian. Well, maybe, but the example can be turned on him by making the ethnic marker into a racial marker. In the United States, would it be ridiculous for someone who was ⅛ African American by descent to be considered black? For most of American history, that is precisely what such a person would be considered. "Race" is a cultural category disguised as biology. If a person who was ⅛ Blackfeet by descent was raised among other people who were regarded as Blackfeet and considered her to be Blackfeet, would she be Blackfeet? I think so. But Bordewich seems to argue that the consequence of too much ethnic blending will be that Indians will cease to be Indians. Surely it is more profitable, as some historians have argued, to see Indian nations not as homogeneous, but as made up of ethnic groups.

Identity, in Bordewich's book, is linked to sovereignty, and sovereignty forms the core of Bordewich's concerns. If ever there was an idea brought to Indian country by "Eurocentric male linear thinkers," it was the idea of sovereignty, but Means makes the idea a product of his ancestors. Bordewich is scornful of such obfuscation. He provides an accurate if incomplete account of the relatively recent rise of the Indian idea of sovereignty, in the name of which Indian tribes have reasserted themselves as semi-sovereign nations with limited powers of government on the reservations. Sovereignty, as it is embedded in Western law and the Indian treaties, goes back to the European Doctrines of Discovery that recognized Indians' title to their lands. It has regained power in Indian country through the Indian policy of John Collier, who was Franklin Roosevelt's Commissioner of Indian Affairs; federal court decisions; Richard Nixon's Indian policy; and the American Indian Policy Review Commission of 1977.

Bordewich quite correctly sees sovereignty, along with a strong cultural resurgence, as one of the major developments in Indian country over the last half century. Sovereignty and treaty rights are the basis for blandishments as disparate as fishing rights, water rights, gaming (as casino gambling is called in Indian country) and the ability to build toxic waste dumps on Indian land. Bordewich is worried about sovereignty. He is worried that sovereign powers rest in sometimes corrupt and inefficient governments of economically unviable Indian nations; that some of the powers of these governments are outside the purview of federal courts, the Constitution and the Bill of Rights; that these powers can be exerted to a limited extent over whites who are not tribal members and thus cannot select tribal leaders; that sovereignty will be used to justify abuses of civil rights against both Indians and non-Indians and the "elevation of racial separatism into an ideology of government"; that, by constraining what he regards as necessary development on adjacent lands, sovereignty will hold whole regions hostage; that the country may be divided into an anarchic set of fiefdoms. Such fears are uniformly exaggerated and occasionally hysterical.

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Bordewich performs a real service by taking a critical look at Indian country and by taking Indian governments seriously. This makes it all the more disappointing when, in his desire to overcome romantic stereotypes, he begins to sound like a nineteenth-century Indian reformer. There is the hearty tone, sympathetic but firm, and the commonsense belief that Indians need to recognize reality, need to be sensible, need to be more like the rest of us.

Of course, there is no evil intent in this tone or this belief. Bordewich says that what distinguishes American Indian policy, despite its cruelties and atrocities, is its moral anxiety. "Indian policy has embodied the nation's unending struggle to apply moral standards to the conduct of public policy." Where Means sees genocide everywhere, Bordewich frequently sees decent white men trying to do what they regard as best. It is a view, that with respect to policy, most historians accept. Even Vine Deloria Jr. has declared that, when compared to treatment of aboriginal populations elsewhere in the world, the American system of treaties and semi-sovereignty is a relatively bright spot in a bleak landscape.

And yet Indians were systematically impoverished, stripped of their lands and reduced to a fraction of their early populations. Precisely because a lot of this happened as a consequence of good intentions rather than bad intentions on the part of white policymakers, we should pause before prescribing solutions for Indians. What should give us pause are not their shortcomings, which are real enough, but our own shortcomings, which we have amply demonstrated.

Bordewich is commendably willing to historicize Indians—to unreify them, and portray them, their cultures, their traditions and their political organizations as the results of historical development—but he is oddly less willing to do so for other Americans. Bordewich can, on the same page, bracket Indian "traditions" in quotes, as they should be, and refer unproblematically to American values, which go unbracketed. Such one-sidedness is something many Indians recognize in whites, and it makes them distrust non-Indian historians and anthropologists. Why don't the analysts also analyze themselves?

Bordewich has a tendency, too, to resort to one of the most revealing nineteenth-century versions of Indians and whites—the Indian assault on helpless white victims. Spend some time looking through old books, paintings, lithographs and magazines. It is not the image of Indian victims and white attackers that you will find. It is the image of white victims and Indian attackers. Whites did, after all, conquer the continent; but to look at the popular iconography you would have thought that the history of the country was endless Indian attacks on outnumbered and defenseless whites. No wonder Custer became the favorite icon of the late nineteenth and early twentieth century.

While he rightfully seeks to move beyond Indian victimization, Bordewich has a stubborn attraction to stories of white victims of Indian sovereignty. I have no doubt that his anecdotes are true; but his use of them is troubling. They are made to stand for the whole story: the Indians are coming, none of us should sleep easy. Bordewich finds that modern Indians don't always live up to the model of the spiritual, traditional, environmentalist Indian; in the name of development, Indians allow toxic waste dumps, nuclear storage facilities and overgrazing and overharvesting of timber on tribal land. And yet this sense of complexity sometimes deserts him. When Bordewich calls up scenarios of an America "a generation or two hence" composed of "a multitude of politically unstable, tax-supported Lebanons, Macedonias and Tajikistans in the American heartland," of urban planning and economic development hobbled by Indian vetoes in the name of Mother Earth, we are deep into the paranoia of nineteenth-century reform, according to which Indians had to be reformed not for their own sake but to remove the danger that they posed to whites. (My advice is that we not get into the game of comparative victimization with Indians.)

There is an important struggle going on in Indian country. It is probably the oldest American struggle of all. It bursts into the lives of white Americans at the most unexpected times and places. Means has been a part of this struggle; Bordewich recognizes it. Means would like to resolve it by means of Indian separatism, by having Indians largely withdraw and stand on their own. Bordewich rejects this as undesirable and impossible. He believes that the long-established connections between us make separations impossible, and I believe that he is right. But Bordewich seems ready to have non-Indians dictate, in all their wisdom, a constitutional solution. The past teaches that this is not the best course to pursue. Indians cannot escape the rest of us, but they deserve to negotiate their own fate among us.

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TRB *continued from page 6*

the modern districting process: partisan gerrymandering, of which racial gerrymandering is only one egregious part. In the 1980s, Richard Pildes discovered, both black *and* white districts became much more weirdly shaped than they had been in the past. This reflected, to some degree, the increasingly byzantine requirements of the Voting Rights Act; but it also reflected the rise of sophisticated computer technology, which allowed representatives to choose their constituents with Orwellian precision. The Texas legislature, for example, consulted Census data, tabulated block-by-block and sometimes house-by-house, to diagnose the political, ethnic and demographic preferences of individual voters. The result was twenty-nine safe seats out of thirty.

If the Court is determined to continue policing the excesses of racial gerrymandering, it should, as Justice Stevens indicated, begin policing the excesses of political gerrymandering as well. Safe districts created for Democrats or Republicans send the same message as safe districts created for blacks or Germans: voters rightly perceive that their preferences are being tabulated and manipulated by the self-interested maneuvering of partisan politicians. Bizarrely shaped districts are troubling not because, as O'Connor suggested, they send an inaccurate message that all black and white voters think alike. Instead, they send an all-too-accurate message: that representatives are ignoring objective districting considerations, like geography and contiguity, and instead predicting, with the precision of a Johnnie Cochran jury selection, just how *individual* constituents are likely to vote. These computer-enhanced predictions offend our sense of fairness, democratic autonomy, and perhaps even privacy, not because they're lazy stereotypes, but because they're so chillingly on the mark.

By recognizing that partisan gerrymandering and racial gerrymandering are two sides of the same coin, the Court might put useful pressure on states to take self-dealing legislators out of the districting process entirely. In New Jersey, for example, a citizen initiative recently put the districting process into the hands of a bipartisan commission, whose recommendations have to be accepted or rejected by the legislature as a package. Unfortunately, our least decisive Justice announced ten years ago that she doesn't think political gerrymanders should be second-guessed by judges, no matter *how* bizarre the districts look, because of the dangers of interjecting courts into the political thicket. Let's hope that, once again, she decides to disagree with herself.

JEFFREY ROSEN

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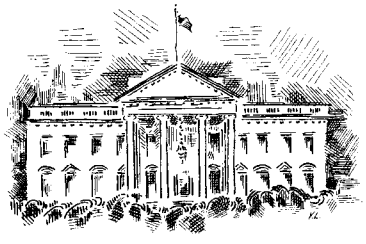
WASHINGTON DIARIST

Before

A KEY SIGN OF THE DECLINE OF "Saturday Night Live" is that one of its funnier skits these days features Bob Dole as a character on MTV's "The Real World." "The Real World," you may recall, is a kind of domestic C-SPAN for slackers: it records the banal doings (and more banal sayings) of a bunch of twentysomethings locked together in a group house for the merriment of their couch potato peers. SNL's recurring sketch depends for its humor on the notion that nothing could be more incongruous than this stiff, grouchy septuagenarian hanging out with a bunch of scrofulous Xers. I beg to differ. Bob Dole, very unlike his rival for the presidency, is actually, I think, a natural Xer, someone whose ironic detachment, bleak humor and occasional bursts of dark sentiment make him far more intelligible to the under-35 crowd than most politicians. At 72, he is in some ways the ultimate twentysomething candidate. To wit: his remarkable, revealing and insistent use of that quintessential Xer mantra, "whatever."

THERE ARE, OF COURSE, MANY uses of the word "whatever" and its various permutations: "whoever," "wherever," "whenever," whatever. And with grace and ease, Bob Dole uses them all. There's the simple verbal tic, when you use the word as a way to fill up dead space at the end of a sentence or you substitute it for a word or phrase you can't quite summon at the time. Viz, "[The tax code] can also encourage home ownership, encourage contributions to charities, whatever ..." (Bob Dole, April 29). Or: "And as all of us go back, who are leaving this year, or are thinking about leaving in a couple of years, whatever ... you think about the people who sent you here..." (Dole, June 11, in his farewell speech to the Senate). And, of course, we've all done this. But Dole doesn't stop there. Closet-slacker that he is, he takes the concept at least a couple of steps further, injecting a light strain of irony into the process. Viz, "Well, I think ... Lowell Weicker ... probably did more in the Congress of the United States for disabled people in this country, children, adults, whatever..." (November 9, 1988). Or: "That's one way to address it for some people, but you're right, all economic classes, whether you're white, black, whatever" (May 30). The hint here is that Bob Dole knows he's reciting a list of groups that he should feel deeply sincere about, but he can't at that moment feel completely sincere about them, so he gently undercuts the blather he is required to express by adding the w-word. We know he's in favor of helping the poor, underprivileged, disabled, veterans, whomever, but we also know he's not exactly smitten with empathy for their plight as he utters the words. He cares. But with an understandable—and often funny—level of detachment.



COMPARE WITH Clinton. A "whatever" barely passes the president's lips. There is nary a scintilla of detachment from his sympathy for everyone and anyone at all times—and indeed a fear, even panic, that anyone might suspect otherwise. Dole is different. His "whatever" is a companion to his famous use of the third person singular and his ubiquitous expression: "I would also say...." Dole never says, "I say...." A "would" always hovers between him and his words, a permanent reminder that Dole can never be mistaken for Dole's thoughts, and Dole's thoughts can never be mistaken for Dole's actions. But "whatever" is Dole's finest expression of this ironic distance. Sometimes it's exquisite. At a rally in Jacksonville, Florida, as reported by the Associated Press, Dole acknowledged applause from the crowd thus: "Thank you, I accept the nomination, whatever it is." Or in a speech to the National Association of Realtors: "I accept your nomination, and whatever." These aren't Bush-like gaffes. They're signs that Dole's aware of the complete silliness of much of what passes for political ritual. He knows that the throngs cheering for him today will be cheering for someone else tomorrow, that enthusiasm is fickle, that real support for someone like him always has something completely contingent about it. So he condescends to it, under his breath, in a throwaway, that wistful grin snickering up his face toward his black, darting eyes. He is there, and he isn't there, playing a game, often ruthlessly, but always aware that it's a *game*. As he put it, describing a rally in Miami's Little Havana district, "They were all shouting, 'Viva, viva, Bob Dole, viva, viva, whatever.' " "We're going to miss everybody who retires," he joked last week in a set-up to a gag about the Clinton administration's close relationship with the FBI. "[But] they'll be in my administration somewhere. Keeper of the Files ... or whatever." And with that he gently brushed his forelock and smiled.

LIKE THE XERS, DOLE IS POST-just-about-everything. The difference, of course, is that he has lived through it, and they were born after it. Dole, it's clear, has few illusions about the world; he's seen white-shirted revolutionaries have their moment and leave nothing but a deficit behind. His irony is not, as some boomers would have it, an expression of ennui or listlessness or cynicism. It's the sanest response to the real world, if you'll pardon the expression, and it surely strikes a chord with the realism of the under-35ers. The most common way in which Xers say "whatever," after all, is in response to an excessively ridiculous or unself-aware statement. "Whatever," they are wont to utter, as if dismissing the interlocutor as someone taking himself way too seriously. "Get real." This is not a way of saying that nothing matters—but merely that there are more important things in life than *this*. Some level of detachment is required. Xers, despite the fashionable assumption, are not disillusioned; they're merely unillusioned. Their wariness is endemic.

DOLE GETS THIS. CLINTON NEVER will. The irony is that, as yet, Dole has no clue that he's in sync with the younger generation; and for the slackers' part, most of them still think of Bob as a crusty old relic. Occasional attempts to bridge the gap—Dole's hilariously awkward interview with MTV's Tabitha Soren—have fallen completely flat. But that doesn't mean that sooner or later the connection won't be made. As long as Dole doesn't do a Yeltsin and go unplugged with Oasis, there's a chance his irony and wit will eventually strike a chord with the kind of people whose favorite television is a Mentos commercial. You can almost hear the distant chanting now, as the post-grunge throngs lift their heads from the most recent episode of "Singled Out" and finally get politicized: "Viva Bob Dole! Viva Bob Dole! Viva, viva, viva, whatever."

ANDREW SULLIVAN

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TEXANS AND OTHERS SPEAK OUT AGAINST THE PROPOSED UNION PACIFIC/SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD MERGER

Texas and key federal agencies are opposed to the Union Pacific/Southern Pacific railroad mega-merger. Competitive rail service, rates and jobs are threatened by the merger which would grant Union Pacific control of 90% of the rail access into and out of Mexico, 70% of the Gulf Coast petrochemical traffic and 88% of the plastics rail traffic in Texas and Louisiana. That's why businesses, agricultural groups, economists and public officials have said this merger is bad for our economy. But don't just listen to us. Listen to the experts who have studied the proposed merger:

"The UP/SP merger is incurably anticompetitive in East and South Texas."

THE RAILROAD COMMISSION OF TEXAS

"TXDOT is concerned about the potential for adverse impacts to Texas and its transportation network should the merger request be granted."

WM. G. BURNETT, P.E., EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR
TEXAS DEPARTMENT OF TRANSPORTATION

"This merger would mean higher shipping charges and would cost consumers dearly. We recommend that the Surface Transportation Board reject the merger proposal in the interest of preserving competition in the rail freight industry and for the good of the American consumer."

ANNE K. BINGAMAN, ASSISTANT ATTORNEY GENERAL
UNITED STATES JUSTICE DEPARTMENT, ANTITRUST DIVISION

"The proposed merger would reduce competition in key transportation corridors, and the evidence shows that rail rates are likely to increase as competition declines. Higher rates would mean lower prices for farmers, who would also be likely to face increased costs for crucial agricultural inputs. USDA's principal concerns about the increase in concentration and reduction in competition have not been addressed because no lines have been divested. Accordingly, USDA opposes the proposed merger."

SECRETARY DAN GLICKMAN,
UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

"The State of Texas believes that the elimination of actual and potential competition, as a result of the merger, will affect significant amounts of Texas rail shipments involving some of the most important commodities to the national economy. This negative impact far outweighs the net public benefits of any efficiencies gained and renders this merger inconsistent with the public interest."

TEXAS ATTORNEY GENERAL DAN MORALES

"Texas Farm Bureau feels that this would not be in the best interests of its members, who are primarily producers of agricultural commodities. We feel that competition in rail transportation would decline, meaning higher rail rates."

VERNIE R. GLASSON, EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR, TEXAS FARM BUREAU

"Several regions of the country, including the Texas-Gulf Coast area...would suffer a loss of rail competition unless adequate conditions are imposed on the merger. This loss of competition could result in higher prices for consumers and small businesses, and could possibly lead to pressures to increase economic regulation of the railroad industry..."

SECRETARY FEDERICO PEÑA,
UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF TRANSPORTATION

"This railroad merger is bad for business. It will cost us competitive rail service and increase the price of doing business in Texas and Louisiana."

H. PATRICK JACK, SENIOR VICE PRESIDENT - CHEMICALS
FINA OIL AND CHEMICAL CO.
CHAIRMAN, BOARD OF DIRECTORS
THE SOCIETY OF THE PLASTICS INDUSTRY

Clearly this railroad merger is bad for Texas. It will hurt our businesses, farmers and ranchers. What Texas needs is more rail competition, not less, and not this proposed merger. Now, Washington is reviewing this merger. We hope they will carefully consider our concerns.

TEXANS FOR COMPETITIVE RAIL
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AUSTIN, TEXAS 78711

STOP THIS MERGER IN ITS TRACKS

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